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MARCH, 1951

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 42 No. 3 MARCH, 1951

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Cover Design

by *Camera Clix*

Articles

Jewels in the Sun
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *Lowen* 13 and 76

The Clyde Steamers
by *Gordon Cooper* 14–15 and 66

Jester in Black
by *Philip Spring* 16 and 66

Sleep for a Season
by *Cecily Morrison* 20 and 70

Soho's First Night Club Queen
Written
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24 and 80

The Nomads of Britain
by *Harry J. Greenwall*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 25 and 74

The Gay Young Boswell
by *Guy Livingston*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 28 and 80

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 32 and 82

Home Section

Sitting Pretty 33 and 74

Early Birds 34–35 and 88

Knitting :
Herringbone Effect 36 and 84
A Fancy Cable 36 and 84

Little Wool Dress 37

The Sweater Grows Up 38–39

What's Ahead? 40–41

Heirlooms of the Linen Cupboard 42–43 and 64

Just Look It Up 44 and 86

Painter's Primer 45

The Cult of the Corsage 46–47

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
But Is It What You Fear? 48
Beauty with a Cold 49 and 86
Easy Packers 49

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
What To Do with Corned Beef 50 and 88
The Versatile Orange 50 and 88
Dish of the Month 51

Colour Mix-up 52

Success with Seeds
by *Ernest Chaloner, F.R.H.S.* 55

It's An Old Wives' Tale
by *Dr. Rose May, M.D.* 56 and 86

Stories

The Singing Rain
by *Anthony Fenwick*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 9–12 and 84

Sequacious of the Lyre
by *Edward Boyd*
Illustrations
by *Dudley Pout* 17–19 and 88

The Last Word
by *Thurman Warriner*
Illustration
by *D. L. Wynne* 26–27 and 58

Force of Habit
by *Ray Sonin*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 29–31 and 78

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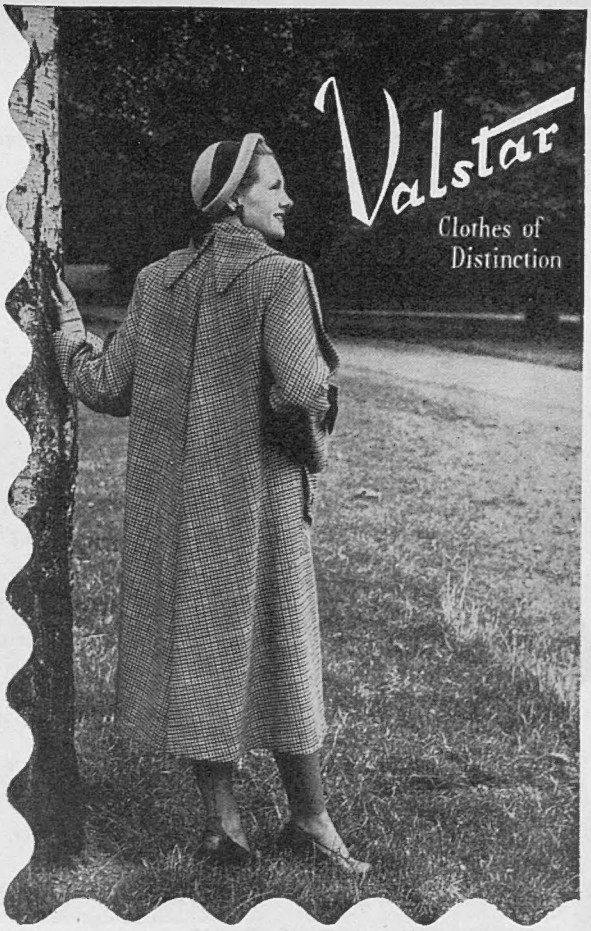

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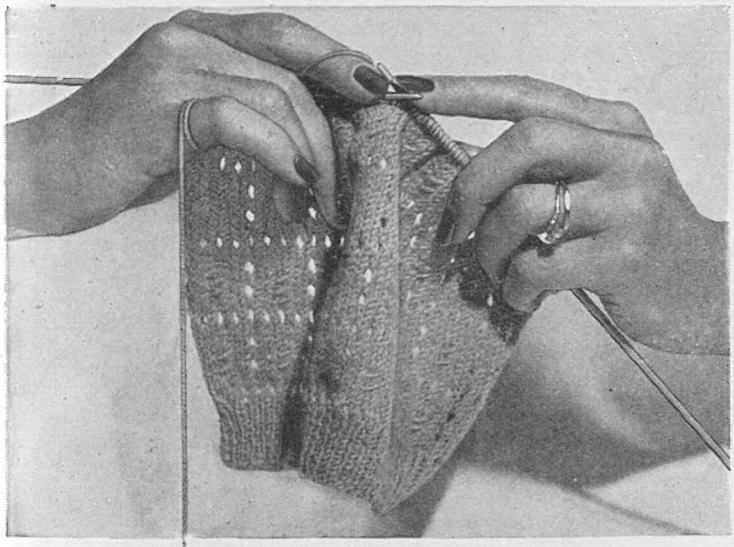

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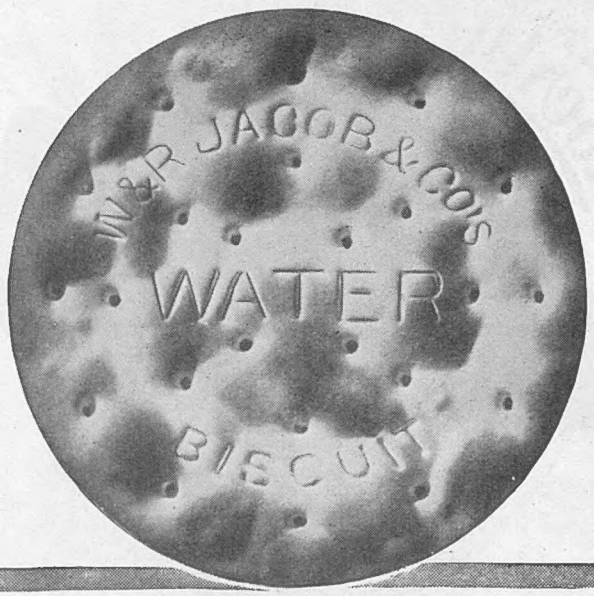

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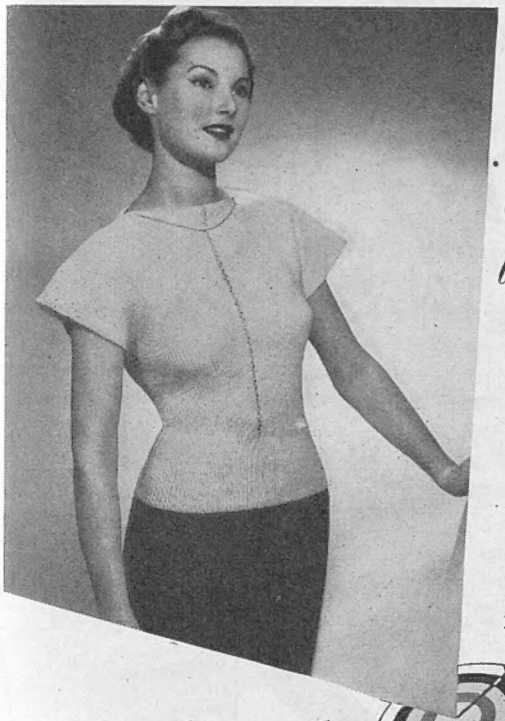

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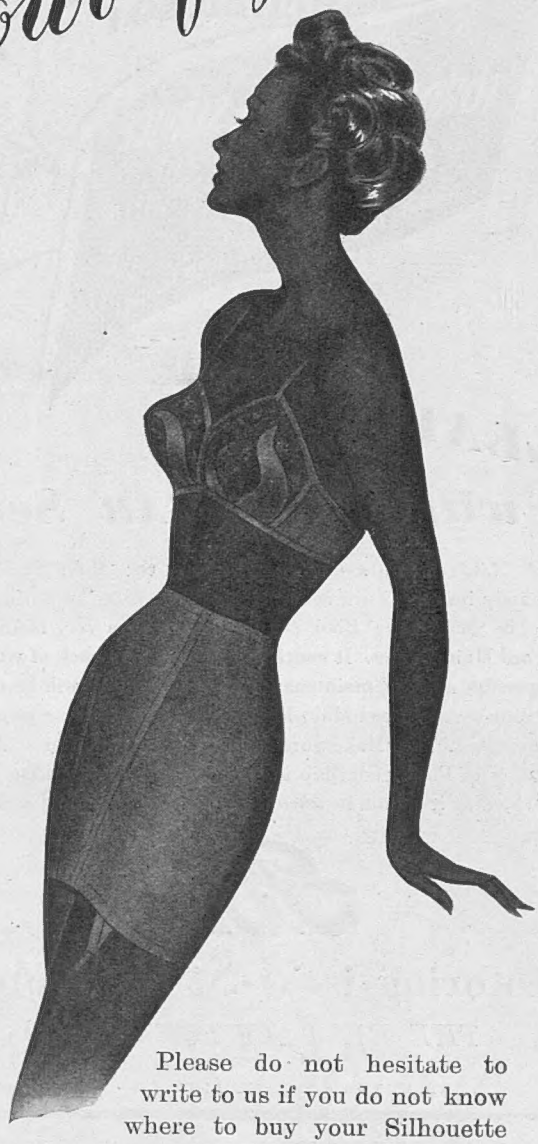

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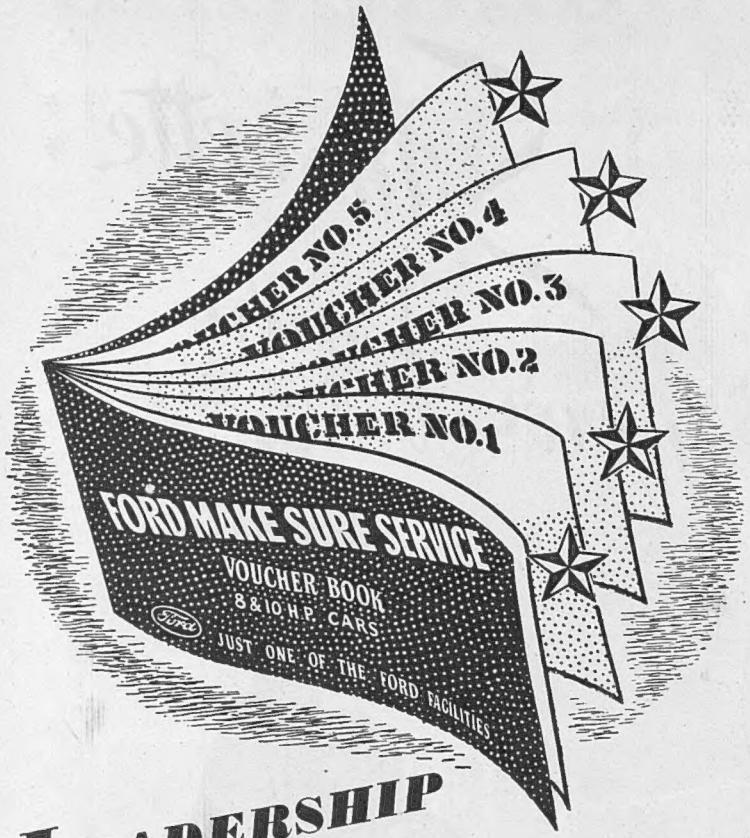

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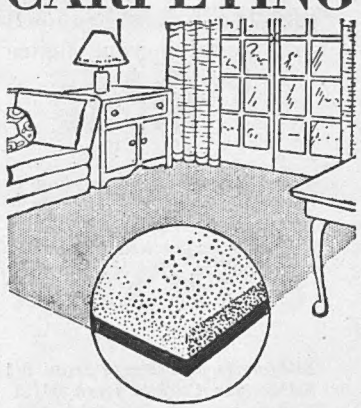

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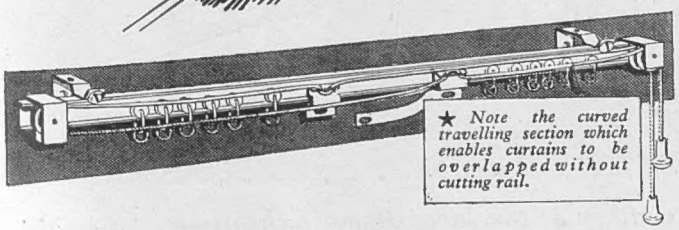

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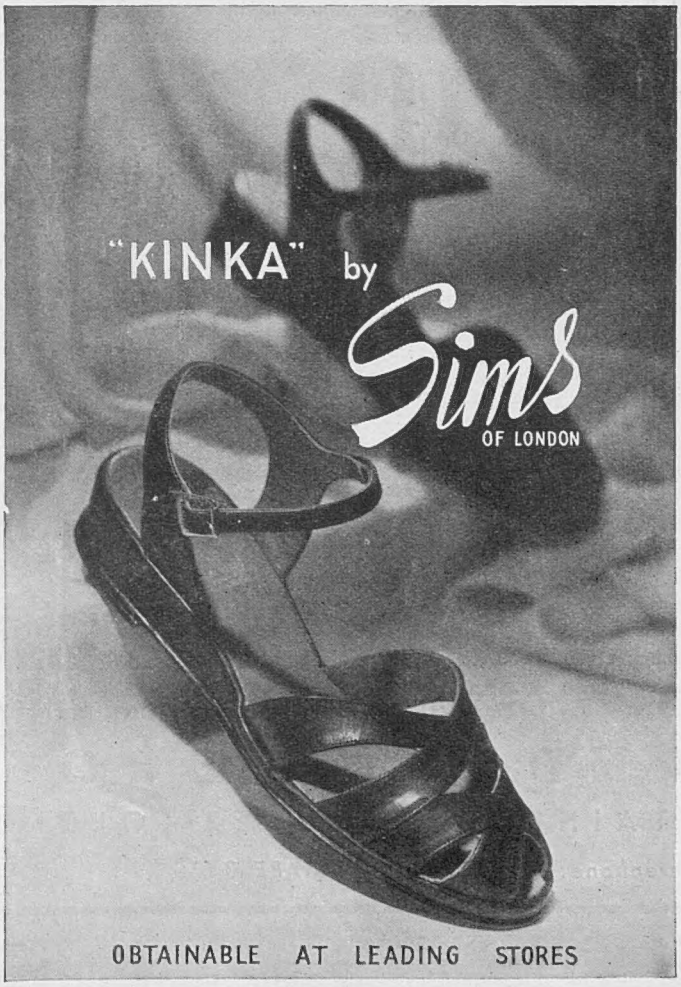

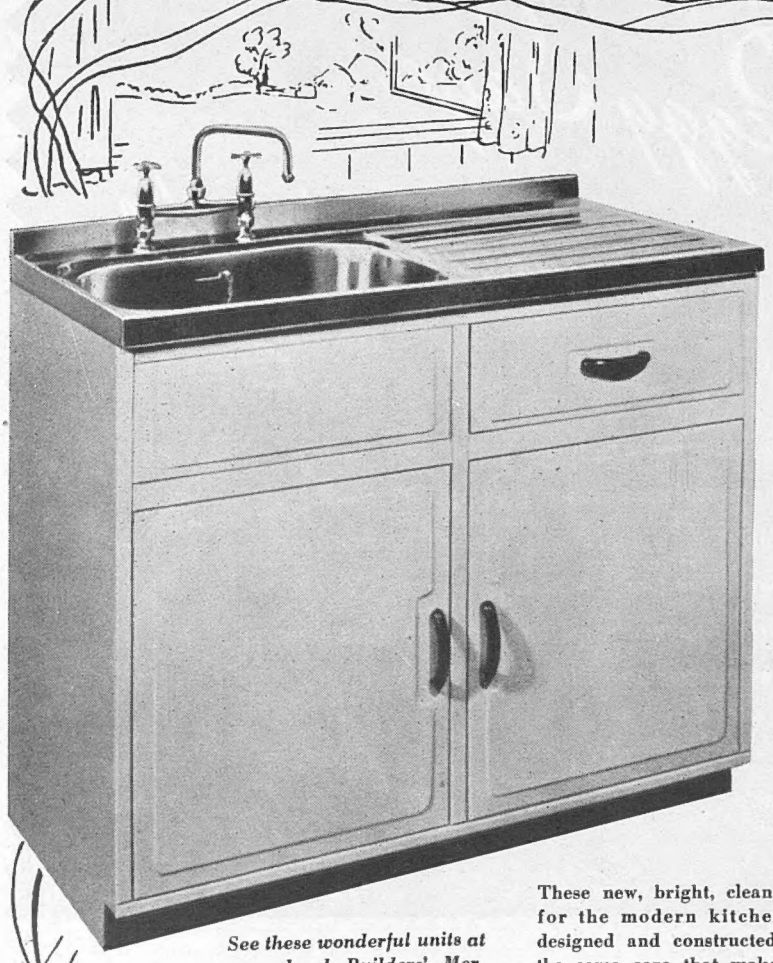

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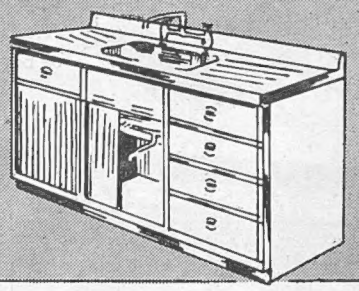

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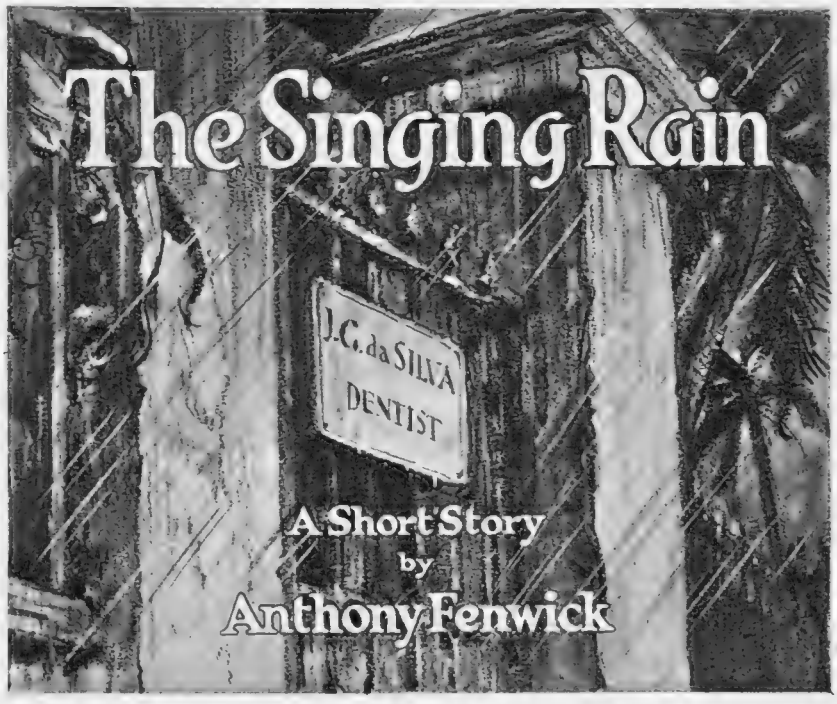
Henry bought a pair of sapphires for Edith, paying not more than four times the right price to the beady-eyed brigand for them



The Singing Rain

A Short Story by Anthony Fenwick

HENRY TREGILGAS jumped as a light object flicked against his hat brim and bounced into the gutter. He looked round casually but could see nothing. As he started to stroll on, another small rattle came from the roadway. Turning quickly he saw a tiny movement. He stooped and picked up what appeared to be a pearl bead, drilled for stringing. A few moment's search produced two more, slightly different in size. Prolonged study of the house from which they must have come gave no clue. The place was shuttered and withdrawn. On the gate was a chaste brass plate which said J. G. da Silva, Dentist. There was no sound or movement to be observed, and Henry walked on, thrusting the beads casually into his pocket.

HE had tried hard to dodge when his firm picked him to fly to Ceylon on business, always having had a rooted objection to travelling. This feeling had been strengthened, rather than weakened, by his experiences in the years following 1939. After trying it all ways—troopship, landing-craft and on the bare ribs of aircraft—he had made a solemn vow never again to quit his native shores. Travel and adventure were for young single men. For him, his home, Edith, his wife, and Barbara, a solemn two-year-old as red-headed and stocky as Henry himself.

It was only when Edith mocked him gently that he gave in. She had her head bent over some sewing for Barbara, and asked a deceptively casual question.

"Henry, how old are you?"

He looked up from his book, astonished.

"Why, thirty-four. You know that."

"Yes, of course. I keep thinking you're older."

That did it. Next day, Henry bought some tropical clothes at the firm's expense, and the day after that he left.

Arriving in Colombo, he found a cable waiting at his hotel telling him that the man he was to meet had been held up for three days in Singapore. That left him with nothing to do, and one of the pleasantest places in the world to do it in.

All the first day he lay under a big umbrella on the golden beach at Mount Lavinia. On the second day the weather changed. Black clouds began to pile up in the sky: the sea, which had been an unbearable blue, trimmed with creamy white, so solid that it looked like thick oil paint, turned grey, and beat with sullen lassitude on the beach which now seemed slightly grimy. Henry toured the town, going down to the Pettah, where he spent a happy hour looking at the native shops. Swarms of anxious pedlars tried to sell him gems. Ceylon is full of precious stones. Men carry them in their pockets and bring them out in handfuls—curious star-sapphires, found nowhere else in the world, pearls, and yellow diamonds from Ratnapura. Henry fell for it like everybody else, and bought a pair of sapphires for Edith, paying not more than four times the right price to the beady-eyed brigand who wore down his defences.

After lunch he set out again, this time for a stroll through the residential part of the town. The knowing locals had squinted at the sky and assured him that the imminent monsoon would not break before nightfall. He walked for a while beside the brown river which meanders like a lazy snake through the town, then down a street of tiny open shops where old men squatted over hookahs and dreamily contemplated the infinite. On a street corner a young Indian had set up a portable shop in an ingeniously woven basket-work pedestal. Vociferously, he offered revoltingly-coloured sweetmeats and tea, which he

reduced to the fashionable degree of coolness and frothiness by passing it rapidly through the air between two brass vessels. A small boy ran up beside Henry and shyly thrust into his hand two sweet-smelling frangipani blossoms impaled on a splinter of wood. Fumbling in his pocket for one of the ridiculous Ceylon coppers, Henry was surprised when the child ran off laughing without waiting for any reward.

He came to a big road junction and turned to the right, attracted by a vista of quiet houses, sheltered from the sun by big trees on whose gnarled branches an incredible riot of scarlet blossom flickered against the grey sky. Stopping to look up at the display of flowers on two great trees whose branches joined in an arch of colour, he had been distracted by the arrival of the beads from nowhere. As he walked on, a few large raindrops slapped into the dusty roadway, making him apprehensive of his new suit, and he hailed a passing rickshaw to take him back to his hotel.

THE sight of a jeweller's shop in the hotel lobby gave him the idea of having the sapphires he had bought made into a pair of earrings for Edith. He went in, and a polite young Cingalese rolled the stones about professionally on a strip of black velvet. He didn't think much of them, although he was too good-mannered to say so. Turquoise, he suggested, made beautiful earrings. He emptied an envelope on to the velvet in a stream of vivid blue. Delicately he picked out two matching pieces.

" These, Sir, set in silver, would be most attractive, especially if the lady has blue or grey eyes."

Henry agreed, and rather fearfully asked the cost. He was staggered at the modest price quoted and gave the order. Putting away the turquoise, the young man went to fetch his order-book.

In his pocket Henry's fingers found the beads he had picked from the gutter. Idly, he rolled them on the piece of velvet. They looked pretty, as if there was a rosy glow inside them. The shop assistant came back and looked down in surprise. He picked up one of the beads and touched it carefully to his teeth.

" Very fine, Sir. Were you wishing to sell them ? "

" Sell them ? " Henry looked at him in astonishment.

" Why, yes. They are worth two to three hundred rupees each—I could not say exactly without weighing them."

" Do you mean to tell me those are pearls ? "

" Yes. Quite good ones, too."

" Good God ! " Henry saw the Cingalese looking at him curiously and muttered something vague, putting the pearls back in his pocket. He arranged to call for the earrings and left quickly.

He stood for a moment outside, trying to think. Why should he be pelted with pearls ? Pearls before swine—he shook his head irritably and tried to concentrate. The thought of becoming involved in anything which smelt even remotely of adventure in what he regarded as a foreign country worried him intensely. On the other hand, the pearls must belong to somebody, and Henry was cursed with a ferocious sense of honesty which he knew would never let him rest until he had discharged his responsibility. The police, of course. Well, perhaps not. Not yet, anyway. If you went to a policeman and told him that people had been throwing pearls at you, what would happen ? Yes, just so. *Not* the police.

Henry swore vividly, and then hailed the rickshaw at the head of the line outside the hotel. The puller, shafts already half-raised in hope, came galloping up with a toothy grin. By vigorous signs, Henry indicated the direction he wished to take. Fatalistically, the rickshaw-puller set off to where fate and the white man, mad, as were the rest of his race, might take him.

At the road junction, Henry paid off the rickshaw, and began slowly to walk down under the trees. When he reached J. G. da Silva, Dentist, he stopped and frowned irresolutely at the house. It still bore the blankly silent aspect it had shown before. Tightening his mouth with exasperation, Henry marched up the path and rang the door bell.

With great suddenness the door opened, revealing a white-clad Indian servant, who bowed respectfully.

" Master ? "

Henry was going to say " Somebody's been chucking pearls at me," but the words died. Apart from the fact that it sounded so idiotic, the man obviously wouldn't understand him. It was then that Henry, for once in his life, yielded to an impulse, and, incidentally, performed one of the most dangerous actions of his life.

" Toothache," he said in a muffled voice, clapping a hand to his cheek. Next instant he was appalled as he contemplated the possible consequences of his act, but already he was across the threshold and being ushered into a

Henry dived head down at Hsieh. The top of his hard red-thatched skull took the Chinese in the midriff and sent him to the floor with a crash

waiting-room. Except for the ceiling-fan, lazily flapping the tired air into movement, the room might have belonged to a dentist in Balham. Shiny periodicals straggled across a ball-fringed table-cloth, and the place stank of suppressed misery. Henry was all ready to make a dive for it when the door opened and a white-coated figure beckoned him.

J. G. da Silva, Dentist, was a very tall man with a grey face and lank black hair. Sorrowful brown eyes lurked behind thick glasses, and he had a wart on his chin. All the way to the chair, Henry tried to tell him about the pearls, but somehow the words would not come.

"Now, which tooth is troubling you, please?"

Henry pointed vaguely. Da Silva picked up a nasty-looking thing and began to dig about in his mouth. The grey face was quite expressionless. Henry sweated profusely and started to close his mouth, intending in sheer desperation to confess the real purpose of his visit.

"Keep wide open, please," said da Silva gently. With instinctive obedience, Henry opened wider, and that was another opportunity gone. The dentist delivered a series of sharp blows on various teeth and listened with gloomy concentration to the resulting noises. At last he put down his

probe. It made a small clatter on the enamelled instrument tray.

"There is one slightly carious tooth. It would be hardly possible to fill it in one sitting, so if it is causing you great discomfort, perhaps I had better extract it. You would not miss it, I assure you."

Henry was about to refuse the offer politely when a minor hell broke loose. A loud thumping noise broke out, accompanied by hearty feminine screams of "Help!", abruptly cut off as a door slammed. J. G. da Silva shrugged slightly and smiled with some difficulty, as if to suggest that it was all very embarrassing for him. If it had not been for the pearls, Henry would have fallen for it and walked out like an English gentleman, without poking his nose into another man's domestic affairs, but the two things together were too much for him. He climbed out of the dental chair and stood up.

"What's going on here? Who was that screaming? Was it the same person who threw pearls at me?"

Da Silva's eyes seemed to shrink behind his glasses. "Pearls? Somebody threw pearls at you? How unusual."

"Yes, pearls." Henry was becoming obstinate with irritation. "All very comic, I know. But if I don't get a satisfactory explanation I'm going to the police." His face red with annoyance, feet planted firmly apart, he looked the very picture of determined pugnacity.

"Oh, then if that is how you feel, I must ask you to walk out of the door and up the stairs, remaining perfectly quiet. You had better put your hands above your head and keep them there."

Henry looked with utter incredulity at

(*Continued on page* 84)

The noise of the rain was lovely in Henry's ears as he seized the Professor's hand and shot off at an angle

Jewels In The Sun

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"Tarzan" would do his best to dance with a prospect so as to examine her jewels from closest proximity

IT is a gala night in one of the Riviera's luxury spots. The 7,000 francs menu has titillated the tongue and now it is the time of champagne softly opened around the dance floor. After a samba the band is playing a katanga—anyway, it's called *la valse atomique* so why not go to the seat of uranium for a very euphonic title!

The brilliant lighting causes necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets and rings to flash as their wearers dip and turn to the music. "They look fine from here, don't they?" broke in my companion. "Look at those rubies that one's got on! What does it matter whether they're fakes or not? They probably are. The real ones are probably tucked away in some cunning cache in the bedroom, if they're not buried in a bank or a safe deposit. That's what the enemy has to determine."

"The enemy." There are seven or more parties to the weird things that happen to jewels in the sun. There's the woman owner, the inside informant, the thief, the *policier*, the fence, the jeweller, the cutter, and the eventual new acquirer. Sometimes there's no inside informant, but a hider of the swag. "The enemy" refers to the cat-burglar himself, or the hold-up man, though the rich do not fear the latter as much as the men who noiselessly break into their villas or apartments when they are out basking, or at dinner, or at a big glitter like the one I'm describing.

The hotel safe not being available in the early hours of the morning she had to go to bed wearing her jewels

Such a night as this, with gems on parade, real or imitation, is a "must" for the first-flight cracksman if he is to keep abreast of the general picture—who's wearing what, and when. He may have a list of women's names—those known to have the real McCoy—but that's outline stuff. What the self-respecting "cat" has to guard against, above all, is landing himself in jail for a long spell after having taken only fake jewellery.

It was intriguing to seek to enter into the minds of the two principals. Who was worrying the more—the woman who had left the real stuff locked up, or the "cat" watching this show, trying to form an accurate assessment of the jewels of such and such a prospect while well aware that he might be under observation! Not that I could detect the faintest sign of the enemy. Some of the males looked liked mannequins, but that's not uncommon nowadays.

The equivalent to a house detective explained the position over a champagne cocktail in the bar. "The only way to spot these fellows," he said, "is by a process of elimination. There aren't so many of them—first-flighters, at any rate—though newcomers appear from time to time. As soon as we get an alert, we check to see exactly where the stars are, and keep a special look-out for any of their kind, who are missing, 'not traceable at the moment.'"

Apparently it is also necessary to keep some sort of check on women known for their jewels, since losses can be greatly exaggerated, or plain inventions. Thus, when a prominent Parisienne claimed to have had gems worth £7,000 stolen by a dinner-time thief, she was told she had sold the jewels months before, and not to try the same game again.

A second woman announced a fictitious loss with the idea of keeping thieves at a distance! In a third case there was a hue and cry for a cat-burglar when the "victim" had been receiving a gigolo in her suite and was too ashamed to own up to having parted with her gems to keep him from talking.

Jewels in the sun files can be very revealing.

IT has been asked: how is it that Englishwomen who may take so little jewellery abroad, sometimes manage to vie with the most bejewelled of foreign women at Continental luxury resorts? The answer is that some of the former commit their jewel boxes to mysterious transport services which deliver them the same day at a rate of about £7 per pound weight. Mileage hardly enters into it. (*Continued on page* 76)

To improve his sense of balance he did gymnastic exercises every morning when he got up

Friends had begged her to wear her finest diamonds at a ball

The Clyde

(*The Parker Gallery, 2 Albemarle St., W.1*)

Henry Bell's *Comet* was the first steamer to provide a regular service on the Clyde. It was built by John Wood and Co. of Glasgow in 1812 and plyed between the Broomielaw and Greenock the same year. On its pioneer trip public expectation was certain that an explosion would occur, blowing both the ship and its daring passengers sky-high

THE Clyde steamer has long been an institution, famous not only among Glaswegians for whom it serves as an important link in their public transport system, but also with ship enthusiasts the world over who place small vessels in a class apart, for there are none others built elsewhere quite like them. And then one must not forget the great part played by this fleet during two wars, giving them renown far beyond the confines of Scotland. While even the uniformity brought about by their coming under the centralized control of British Railways has not eliminated the "personalities" of the steamers themselves, nor lessened public interest —one might justly say affection—in them.

The first steamer to provide a regular service on the Clyde was Henry Bell's *Comet* which commenced operations in 1812. This small paddle-steamer made the journey between the Broomielaw and Greenock and on its pioneer trip public expectation was certain that an explosion would occur, blowing both the ship and its daring passengers sky-high. But there was no explosion and soon this new form of transport service established itself, bringing also in its train other competing vessels. Before long there were regular services to Dunoon and Rothesay, and not long after to Campbeltown and Inveraray.

The advent of the Clyde steamer transformed the Firth of Clyde. Prosperous Glasgow business men built their homes round the shores of the Firth, for these hitherto remote spots were now brought within easy access of the city; popular holiday resorts came into being, catering as they do to-day for vast numbers and all classes of Glasgow people; and then there was the development of steamer cruises which has made some of Scotland's finest scenery easily available to tourists who come from all over the world.

For some years the various Clyde steamers were individually owned and usually captained by their owners. After this pioneer period there came the stage when small amalgamations took

T.S.S. *Queen Mary II.* One of the newer type of steamers now operating on the Firth of Clyde

The *Lochfyne* the first diesel electric vessel built for service in Britain. During the war maintained the Royal Route service without a break

Steamers

These comparatively small ships have earned renown far beyond the confines of Scotland

By Gordon Cooper

place and individual holdings sometimes increased, to be followed in due course by the growth of larger companies, including those formed by the railway companies, and the elimination of the individual proprietor. Just shortly before the last war there were no companies operating in which the railways did not have a controlling interest, and this included the famous firm of David MacBrayne, which even to-day nominally retains its separate identity on what is known as the Royal Route and which still takes the mails for the Kyles of Bute and Ardrishaig. But, in actual fact, this company, like all the others, is controlled by British Railways.

The disappearance of familiar house colours, the elimination of competition, and the abolition of famous races between vessels of different fleets—these are some of the results brought about by modern conditions of control. But there was one economy reform which the powers-that-be were not able to effect: the substitution of canned music and loud-speakers for the traditional bands. This suggestion raised such an outcry from Glaswegians that the original proposal was withdrawn. And so to-day the customary trio of harp, violin and accordeon can still be enjoyed, providing real music for real people.

THE truly Golden Age, however, of the Clyde steamer service, as far as the passenger was concerned, was around fifty years ago—between the nineties and 1914. The traveller then not only had available far more frequent sailings than exist to-day, but was also given the choice between steamers of several competing fleets. This was doubtless uneconomic, but was highly attractive from the public's point of view.

The fascinating story of the development of the Clyde steamer has been related in several detailed books on the subject, for almost every vessel had its own personality and individual characteristics of design and performance. Here it is only possible to touch upon the more outstanding of these ships and to give a very brief account of their war services.

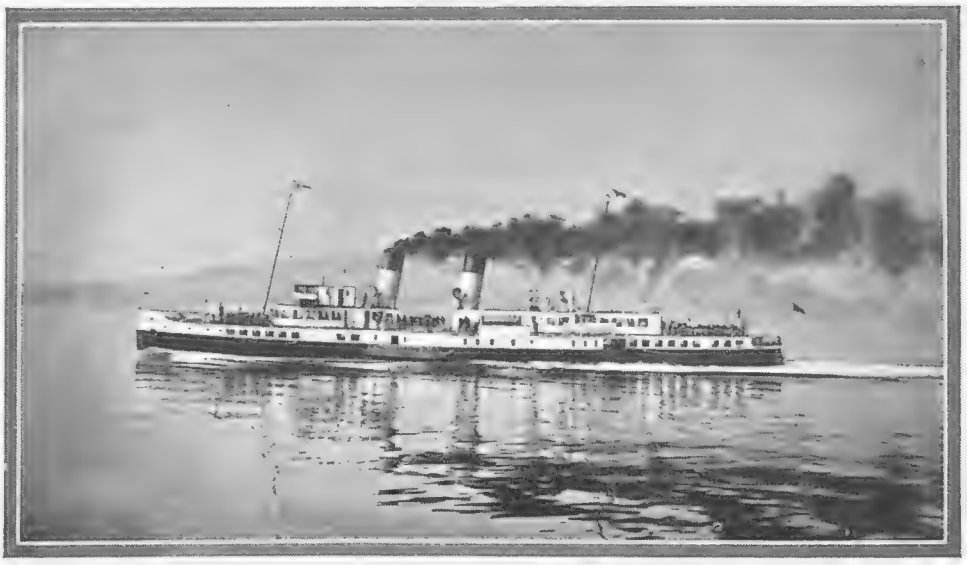
The first thing that strikes one about the Clyde steamers is their longevity, for it is rare for any of them, except for war casualties, not to achieve at least a half-century of constant service. But, perhaps, that is just what one would expect from Clyde-built vessels.

Take the case of two of the best-known steamers of their class in the world: the *Iona* and the *Columba*, both of which served on the Royal Route for many years. The *Iona*, built in 1864, continued at work until 1935—a span of over seventy years; while the *Columba*, the longest of all Clyde steamers (301 feet long), did duty from 1878 until 1935—fifty-seven years.

I can still remember well a most exciting race which took place between the *Columba*, on which I was travelling, and her great rival at that time on the Royal Route, *The Lord of the Isles*. Both steamers were racing to be first at Tignabruaich Pier in the Kyles of Bute. Neither ship would give way as they drew closer and (*Continued on page* 66)

R.M.S. *Columba* was the longest of all Clyde steamers (301 ft. long) and did duty on the Royal Route from 1878 until 1935—fifty-seven years

R.M.S. *Iona* at North Pier, Oban. This vessel was built in 1864 and continued in service on the Royal Route until 1935—a span of over seventy years



The *Jupiter* off Kilcreggan. An example of the many fine Clyde steamers operating to-day

Jester In Black

The enigma of Laurence Sterne, the country parson who shocked half the world, and made the other half laugh and weep

By
Philip Spring

1. Laurence Sterne, born 1713, died 1768. Author of "Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," which shocked and amused the fashionable literary world of the eighteenth century

2. Shandy Hall, Coxwold, Yorkshire. In 1760 Sterne was appointed to the living of Coxwold, and after converting a cottage into the parsonage, named it Shandy Hall. It was in this house he settled down to write the third and subsequent volumes of "Tristram Shandy"

3. College Street, York—formerly Little Alice Lane—where Sterne paid court for four years to Elizabeth Lumley

4. Stonegate, York. Here in the eighteenth century, at John Hinxman's "Sign of the Bible," Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" was first published

5. Coxwold village, overlooked by the church with its curiously shaped octagonal tower

6. The Georgian House where Dr. Jacques Sterne, Precentor of York Minster, lived and where Sterne often stayed with his uncle. It adjoins the famous Treasurer's House in York

BETWEEN a Lenten sermon and a scandalous novel there lies a considerable gulf. Likewise between vestry-meetings and daemonic rituals, between sick-visiting and chariot-racing, between a cathedral stall and a lady's boudoir, there are distances no less considerable. Yet over them all, a foot on both sides, strode Laurence Sterne, parson, libertine and humorist, passing from the one to the other as easily as he passed from laughter to tears.

Not many have such varied claims to fame. "The greatest of English humorists," he has been called by some; "the prince of philanderers" by others. None contests his title as the fountainhead of "sentiment," and it can now be seen that he was the father of the psychological novel. A jester in sober black, a cleric of dissolute habits, one who embodied in his person the sacred and the profane, his whole character was a (*Continued on page* 66)

BABINGTON LOVELACE turned the corner of the lane and walked straight into a twentieth-century bear-baiting

Sequacious of the Lyre

The Strange Passionate Urge Towards Music Led Johnny Peenheid To His Destruction

By Edward Boyd

I REMEMBER thinking once that the difference between Johnny Peenheid and Babington Lovelace was roughly a million years. It might have been more. It certainly was not less. You see, Johnny Peenheid was a brontosaurus, transposed in terms of humanity. He was gigantic and powerful, and somehow, left over. His tiny idiot head—hence the nickname—sat incredibly on massive shoulders, giving a proportion that was astonishingly prehistoric. His cumbersome body, as he shambled through the village, seemed bent along an anachronistic curve. His small, flickering eyes roamed restlessly around the jungle that encircled him, a place of horror that was populated by hostile normality.

Babington Lovelace, on the other hand, was exquisitely evolved. Almost ludicrously so in fact—like a French poodle. He was slim, precise, and as correct as an etiquette manual. His well-bred face was refined almost to the point of extinction. He had a leonine head but it was the head of a stylized lion, devoid of savagery and vaguely heraldic. He dressed meticulously in clothes whose quiet excellence made them seem not so much anonymous as incognito. He moved confidently through a self-regulated world where the rules were simple. Certain things were not done. Others were. That was all. His universe was, fundamentally, less complex than Johnny Peenheid's because its tabus were definitely formed and scrupulously observed.

The lives of the idiot and the exquisite intersected violently one day when Babington Lovelace was on his way home. He turned the corner of the lane that led towards the shrine of good taste where he lived and walked straight into a twentieth-century bear-baiting. The bear was Johnny Peenheid. The baiters were a gang of village boys who, apparently on the principle that it served him right for being an imbecile, were belabouring the huge idiot ferociously. The half-wit was offering no resistance although he could probably have torn his tormentors into pieces. Now and again he would raise his small head and utter a weird bellow of distress. When that happened the village boys would howl with laughter, partly because the sound was intrinsically comic, partly for sheer, fiendish joy. Babington Lovelace eyed the scene distastefully. His sympathies were not engaged either way. He loathed children, he loathed violence and, even more, he loathed abnormality. Yet something had to be done, for the louts and their loutish victim were blocking his path. He shuddered with finical disgust, then brought his cane down smartly across the shoulders of the nearest persecutor.

The bear-baiting ceased magically. The focus of attention swung away from Johnny Peenheid to the prim, dapper figure with the haughty stare. There was a brief silence while Babington Lovelace regarded the group with fastidious authority. Then the boy who had taken the weight of the stick edged past him and that began the rout. Within a few seconds the gang had vanished as swiftly and effectively as disturbed birds. Babington Lovelace smiled thinly and continued on his way. He had almost reached his gate when he became conscious of the scuffling sound at his back. He spun round haughtily and there was Johnny Peenheid.

They stared at each other across the whole process of evolution. The half-wit's face was piebald with dirt and blood. There was a raw gash above his right eye. His tangled, seaweedy hair hung lankly over his receding forehead and his tortured eyes shone with devotion. Then quite

suddenly he began to dance, writhing his body insinuatingly and swinging his infinitesimal head from side to side. Babington Lovelace watched the performance with fascinated revulsion. The crude, mindless mime was tremendously effective and there was no mistaking its significance. In its clumsy fluency it managed to convey the brute tragedy of every dog that ever had been thrashed. It was this canine obsequiousness that Babington Lovelace found particularly revolting for, like all over-civilized people, he adored cats and hated dogs. All at once the thing became unbearable. He stretched out a beautifully-manicured hand and the dance stopped abruptly. Then, for some reason which he could not have defined, he took a half-crown from his pocket and threw it towards Johnny Peenheid. The idiot muffed the catch and while he was scrabbling in the dust for the coin Babington Lovelace opened the gate and went up the path towards his own front door. Behind him he left Johnny Peenheid gazing down stupidly at the half-crown in his immense palm.

IT was next day that Babington Lovelace found the pheasant on his doorstep. He opened the door to fetch in his morning paper and there was the bird, very plump, very gaudy and very, very dead. He picked it up, looked at it thoughtfully, then took it indoors. The following morning he found a dead rabbit. The next day he discovered a fantastically-shaped stone, beautifully polished and wonderfully marked. Day after day new offerings arrived, a queer, heterogeneous collection, like the contents of a schoolboy's pockets.

Babington Lovelace, of course, was in no doubt as to the source of the gifts. In fact he discussed it with me, discoursing academically—and a little pompously—on Johnny Peenheid's peculiar psychology. Yet I sensed, all the time, that there was something more to his reaction than mere clinical interest. Despite his dislike for abnormality he was subtly flattered by the imbecile's pathetic worship. It gave him a pleasant feeling of power without responsibility. He rather gave the show away by a remark he made:

"Like having one's own private Robin Goodfellow," was his comment and it summed the situation up neatly. It also gave me an idea.

"Why don't you take him on?" I suggested and he blinked.

"My dear Miss Morton . . ." he began but I interrupted.

"Why not?" I asked. "He's obviously got a thing about you. It's clear he's dying to prove it. There must be lots of odd jobs he could do about the house."

"A hewer of wood and drawer of water," said Babington Lovelace with a faded smile. "Perhaps you're right. I'll think about it."

He did. The upshot was that a fortnight later Johnny Peenheid was employed. It was a perfect arrangement. Babington Lovelace's ego was flattered enormously while Johnny Peenheid's life became one long, inarticulate psalm of dim devotion. He fetched and carried and asked no reward other than the privilege of fetching and carrying. He arrived punctually every morning, worked feverishly all day and, when night fell, vanished somewhere towards sleep, like a hibernating animal. It was a relationship entirely without complications—except for one occasion.

That occasion came one crisp November afternoon. Johnny had been sawing logs all morning and after lunch he took an armful round for each of the fires. Babington Lovelace was playing the piano in the drawing-room when Johnny came in and shambled across towards the fireplace. The idiot bent down and began arranging the logs with mathematical neatness while his master was amusing himself with a book of Debussy preludes. Johnny Peenheid seemed to find great difficulty in getting the wood arranged to his satisfaction and it was some time before he rose reluctantly to his feet and went blundering towards the door. The man at the piano took no notice. He played on until the light began to go and boredom set in. Then he let his hands drop from the keyboard and sat back.

"More," said a queer, rusty voice.

Babington Lovelace almost jumped out of his skin. He turned round on the piano stool and saw his half-witted servitor standing in the doorway. It was the first time he had ever heard him speak and even the single word he had spoken had a peculiar quality of disuse. Babington Lovelace recovered quickly and smiled an Olympian smile.

"You . . . like . . . it?" he asked, spacing the words out slowly and back came the rusty answer.

"More."

The master leaned forward and switched on the standard lamp beside the piano. Then he turned back to the keyboard.

"Whoever heard of a horse bowling?" he said aloud as he thought of the delightful incongruity of music and Johnny Peenheid.

HE turned round on the piano stool and saw his half-witted servitor standing in the doorway

Illustrations by Dudley Pout

He searched his memory for an appropriate piece of music or rather for something that would stress the incongruity, thereby heightening the retail value of the incident. Bach? Beethoven? Couperin? Liszt? Almost anything classical would do really. He grinned wickedly and began to play a study by Chopin. He played it almost sadistically well and occasionally he would glance round to

observe the weird effect on Johnny Peenheid. The idiot swayed rhythmically with the music and every now and again he would utter a low moan. It was almost as though the sound probed exquisitely to some nerve within him, producing a sensation that mingled pain and pleasure equally and indistinguishably. Babington Lovelace ended with a flourish and turned round.

"More?" he asked.

"More," came the rusty echo.

Babington Lovelace resumed obediently. He was bubbling over with an odd, savage joy that he could hardly contain. He was conscious of a new power in his fingers. He felt, with a dangerous elation, that he now owned Johnny Peenheid body and soul. He played on tirelessly. Every crotchet that sounded beneath his hands was a statement of absolute authority. Every quaver was an assertion of supreme command. He crashed out a final chord and stood up. Johnny Peenheid straightened up, too. In the gloom beyond the radius of the lamp he was a vast, shapeless bulk, prehistoric and sinister. "More," he demanded.

The rusty tone had changed. It was guttural now, an animal growl that held an unmistakable threat. Babington Lovelace was faintly amused. Blissfully confident of mastery, he smiled at the towering imbecile. Caliban, he thought momentarily, shapeless, shambling Caliban. A passage from the play came into his head from nowhere. Its aptness struck him whimsically and he quoted it straight at Johnny Peenheid:

"Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch us in fuel, and be quick thou'rt best
To answer other business: Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglec'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din."

A brief, puzzled silence followed the words, then a great hand came out of the darkness and closed on Babington Lovelace's arm. Tighter and tighter clamped the idiot's fingers until his master almost cried out with the pain. Then suddenly the giant raised the small man clear of the ground and carried him by one outstretched arm back to the piano stool. For the first time in his life Babington Lovelace knew how it felt to be absolutely powerless. He felt a cold sweat on his forehead and his mind was a jumble of incoherent thoughts. The situation had altered so rapidly and alarmingly that he had completely lost control. It was no longer a question of master and slave. Now it was something more dangerous and paralysing—a case of normal versus abnormal. He felt the agonizing pressure of the fingers relax and a gigantic hand steadied him carefully, and humiliatingly, on the piano stool.

"More," came the guttural order.

He began to play. He played blindly, desperately, running remembered phrases from a dozen pieces into one long, discordant jumble that was as jangled as his thoughts. Then gradually his self-control returned and with it a kind of embarrassed shame. He saw what he had done, realized clearly that what had happened was nobody's fault but his own. Paradoxically, the realization brought him courage, steadied him up. The hysteria ebbed from his playing as it had ebbed from his mind. He felt suddenly sorry for the giant who swayed behind him like an entranced cobra. At the same time he was aware of his dangerous plight but now he saw what he had to do. Without warning he stopped playing and swung round. The idiot still kept swaying, then opened his eyes like someone wrenched violently from sleep. Gradually there dawned across the dull face the knowledge that there was no longer music. "More," he growled and Babington Lovelace shook his head. "No, Johnny," he said gently and his open palm cracked across the idiot's face like a pistol (*Continued on page* 88)

Sleep For A Season

Some Curious Facts On Hibernating

By Cecily Morrison

NATURE has adopted many different ways of overcoming the lack of food and rigours of cold which beset her creatures through the winter months.

Moles tunnel deep below the frost line to find their meals of earthworms. Bees live on their hoards of honey, warming the hive by a continuous beating of the wings which increases with the intensity of the cold.

Some creatures undergo remarkable physical transformations. Shetland ponies survive the bleakness of the moorland storms by growing a thick under-fur, waterproofed by the longer, harsher hair which grows through it and throws off the rain and snow. Weasels, mountain hares and arctic foxes assume coats of white and thus achieve perfect camouflage in the snow. Squirrels grow a hairy covering to protect the soles of their feet, while other creatures grow a complete set of snowshoes.

The ruffled grouse has horny structures on the sides of its toes which, when fully developed, form a perfect support for the heavy bird even on fluffy snow. Similarly the snowshoe rabbit of Canada grows pads of coarse hair on the soles of its large hind feet. These pads are sometimes seven inches long and enable the rabbit to run easily on the surface of snowdrifts which, without the specially adapted footwear, would easily engulf it.

MANY birds speed southwards with the falling of the leaves, but where are the myriads of insects which disported themselves in the late autumn sunshine? Most of the winged adults of summer are dead. The species are maintained through the winter either as eggs, larvae (caterpillars) or pupae (chrysalids) tucked away in a safe retreat, protected not only from the wet and cold but from the unwelcome attentions of the birds which have not migrated.

An unexpected burst of sunshine will, (*Continued on page* 70)

Hanging up by their heels. A small cluster of bats hibernating in a cave. (At top of page) The true hibernator. The dormouse makes a nest of dried grasses, close-knit and round, into which it crawls, rolls itself into a ball, puts its forepaws against its cheeks, its tail round its head, and goes to sleep for six months

A colony of snails hibernating. They seal the mouth of their shell with a lid of hardened slime

Soho's First Night Club Queen

In 1753 Thérèse returned to her native Venice, where Casanova found her and visited her at her lodgings

The Story of Thérèse Cornelys, who in 1760 opened Carlisle House, Soho Square, as a fashionable London Night-life haunt. Her rise to glittering success and descent to death in the Debtors' Fleet Prison.

Written by
ARNOLD WAREING.

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY Venice produced some wilful women, but few as dynamic as Thérèse Imer, the daughter of an actor and dancer of Austrian origin. What was in her make-up to give her a life so packed with travel and adventure that she became mistress of the notorious Casanova, mother of his child, a name in the European theatre, and as pioneer of night-club queens, the talk of fashionable London? Personality, drive, ambition, yes; but certainly no startling beauty.

She took to the stage herself, for she was born to it, and at seventeen came under the protection of elderly Senator Malipiero, who was also launching on his career a dandified young abbé of fifteen with brilliant eyes, olive complexion, powdered, scented hair—Giacomo Casanova. Giacomo was interested more in carnival fêtes and pretty girls than in the Church. When Malipiero found him making advances to Thérèse he belaboured him with a stick and drove him from the house, thus launching him on a very different career—as gambler, libertine, impostor, magician, and society rake, a by-word to his age, a hero and mountebank to posterity.

Thérèse married a dancer, Pompeati, by whom she had a son. For ten years she lived as the Senator's protégée, then, in her late twenties, set out to conquer Europe as actress, manager and producer—and incidentally, the Margrave of Baireuth, who fell for her charms en route. In Amsterdam, where she directed the

Netherlands theatres, she lived with a rich Dutchman, Cornelis de Rigerboos, from whom she later adapted the name Thérèse Cornelis or Cornelys, by which she was known in London. The Haymarket Theatre saw her in a Gluck opera, then she returned to her native Venice, where in 1753 Casanova found her in poor lodgings.

She received him in bed, according to the custom of the time, her son—a handsome though spoilt child of eight—discreetly leaving the room. He spent, he says in his *Memoires*, four hours with her—and the last was delicious . . .

FIVE years later they met again, this time in Holland. Thérèse was now a widow in her mid-thirties, for Pompeati—not surprisingly, perhaps—had killed himself in a fit of madness. She was also the mother of a girl of four—"Your child," she told Casanova, who not only admitted that little Sophie was his living image, but wanted to adopt her forthwith.

"No," said Thérèse, "the girl stays with me, but you can take the boy back to Paris with you, if you wish, and see to his education."

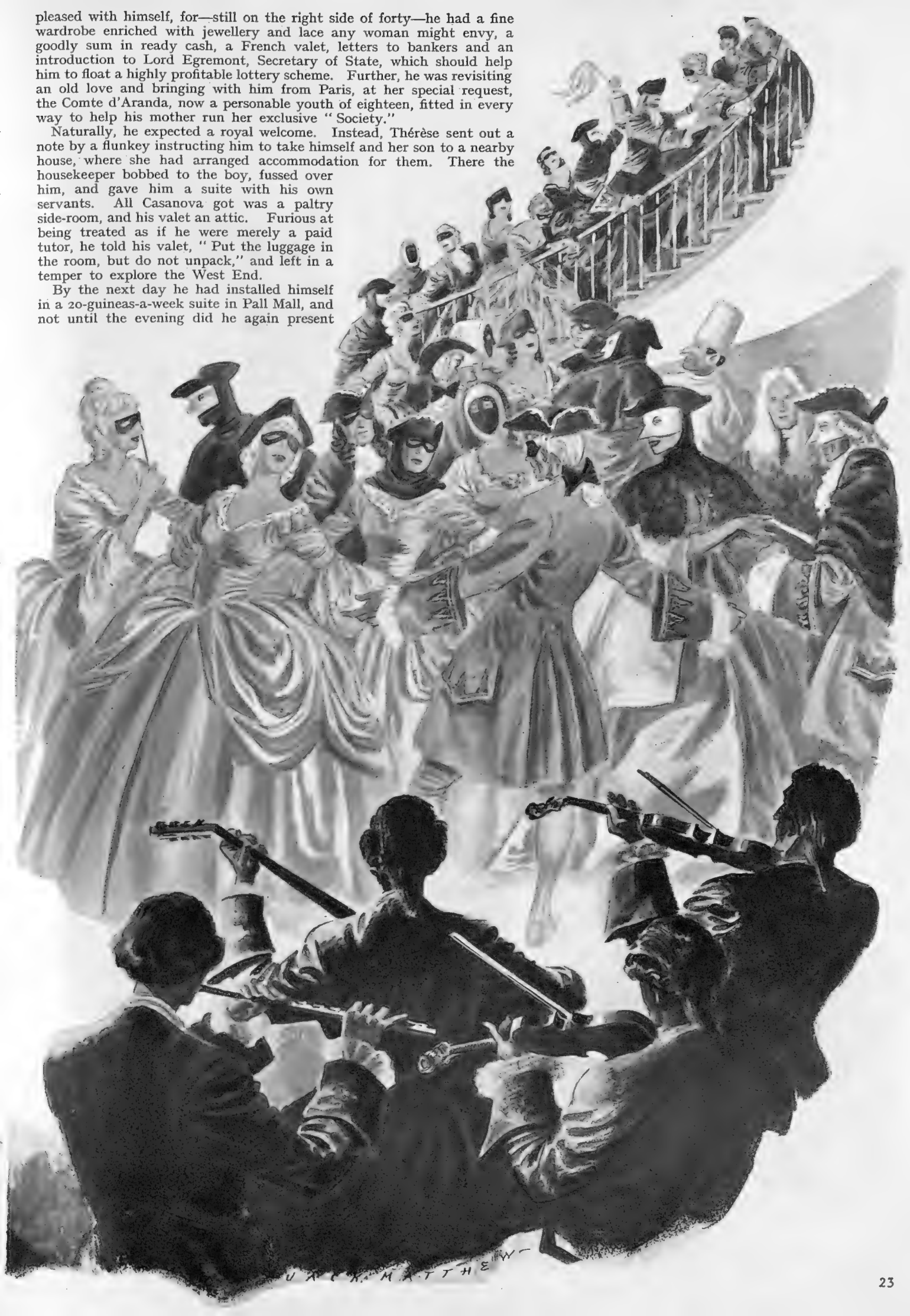
This Casanova agreed to do. He took the lad to an old friend, the Marquise d'Urfe, who virtually adopted him under the gratuitous title of the "Comte d'Aranda." He left Thérèse with money sufficient to take her to England, where in 1760 she opened, at Carlisle House, Soho Square, London's first night-club, whose routs, balls, masquerades, concerts, suppers, patronised by the élite—or, as Thackeray's Barry Lindon said, "all the high and low demireps of the town"—were a sensation.

IT was a June day of 1763 when Casanova alighted from a postchaise outside the fine red-brick mansion on the east side of the Square. He was very

A gala night at Carlisle House, Soho, London's first night-club, was opened by Thérèse Cornelys in 1760, and the routs, balls, masquerades, concerts, suppers were a sensation and patronised by the élite

pleased with himself, for—still on the right side of forty—he had a fine wardrobe enriched with jewellery and lace any woman might envy, a goodly sum in ready cash, a French valet, letters to bankers and an introduction to Lord Egremont, Secretary of State, which should help him to float a highly profitable lottery scheme. Further, he was revisiting an old love and bringing with him from Paris, at her special request, the Comte d'Aranda, now a personable youth of eighteen, fitted in every way to help his mother run her exclusive "Society."

Naturally, he expected a royal welcome. Instead, Thérèse sent out a note by a flunkey instructing him to take himself and her son to a nearby house, where she had arranged accommodation for them. There the housekeeper bobbed to the boy, fussed over him, and gave him a suite with his own servants. All Casanova got was a paltry side-room, and his valet an attic. Furious at being treated as if he were merely a paid tutor, he told his valet, "Put the luggage in the room, but do not unpack," and left in a temper to explore the West End.

By the next day he had installed himself in a 20-guineas-a-week suite in Pall Mall, and not until the evening did he again present

himself at Carlisle House, to find the boy luxuriating on Madame's sofa and Madame out. A great lady now was Madame, with salons lavishly decorated and furnished in Chinese style, a Chinese bridge leading from house to garden pavilion, more than thirty servants, a coach-and-six, and a place in the country. As he would soon see for himself, as many as 600 elegant people at a time paid two guineas a head to partake in her routs, and it was immaterial that Chippendale, who provided the furnishing, had to wait for his money and eventually go to law to get it. Didn't Horace Walpole see "a crowd of Henrys the Eighth, Wolseys, Vandykes, and Harlequins" and testify that her masquerades "at first scandalised but soon drew in both righteous and ungodly"?

WHEN Thérèse at last returned home —in a sedan chair—she smothered her son in kisses, hardly noticing her proud lover, except as an afterthought. Over supper she talked of her wonderful Society and the noble lords and ladies who patronised it, adding:

"You are just in time to attend the last Assembly of the season. I cannot give you a ticket—they are issued only to the aristocracy—but you can come as my friend, and will see everything. Should anyone ask who you are, I will say you have been my son's tutor in Paris, and came over with him."

Tutor? Tutor? He winced and inwardly raged, but listened more sympathetically as she changed her tune and began enlarging on the trials and difficulties of a night-club queen. Her expenses were heavy. She had debts. A former lover, "Sir Frederick Fermor"—possibly a

(*Continued on page* 80)

Enraged with jealousy, Casanova set about the young interloper, whilst the audacious, exasperating coquette, La Charpillon, screamed and ran off

The Nomads Of Britain

By Harry J. Greenwall

SOMEBODY was asking the other day whether all the British gypsies had disappeared. Could be, in a manner of speaking, but what about these tribes of new gypsies, the land *and* water gypsies, the Nomads of Britain?

Time was when they roamed the roads or anchored their craft in quiet backwaters; but now the lack of brick and mortar homes has edged into the holiday caravan stream; now the holiday-makers are being jostled by an ever-growing army which lives on wheels or, in smaller numbers, emulate Sir Alan Herbert's Mr. Bell, who with his daughters Jane and Lily lived like water gypsies on the Thames at Hammersmith.

The county of Buckinghamshire, in which I live, is typical of this revolutionary change in English life. I was first made aware of it while walking along the lane that links Latimer to Flaunden. A gate leading from a field opened and there limped through the gate a handsome man of about forty; he carried a small bag, just like any City man might who was setting out from home to his office. We wished one another good day and fell into step together; he told me his story.

When war came he and his brother owned a small but prospering butcher business in Kent. The brother was killed; my companion "got his packet" in Italy; hence the limp—and some missing ribs.

Back to Blighty; the business blitzed. "I got married," said my companion, "but we had no home and I could not afford to buy any of the houses they offered me, so—I bought a caravan!"

We now topped a rise. Looking back down the road to the spot where we had met, my companion pointed proudly to his home: a small green caravan *(Continued on page 74)*

The Last Word

A Short Story

By Thurman Warriner

ONE day in September, 1958—a lovely month in London—Lord Foyer put down his newspapers, pushed back the coffee cup brought in by Joe the commissionaire, and gazed in dull-eyed boredom around his Worder Street office, the head office of the Mammothian Cinevision Company, Ltd. It was a large and pleasant room. The only feature that distinguished it from a hundred other offices in Worder Street was Lord Foyer's desk. It was horseshoe-shaped and bore some hundreds of pistons, switches and pushes, all built

into the woodwork, so that it resembled the console of an electric organ.

Lord Foyer — one-time Laurence Prentiss, and at a still earlier date Lazarus Prentovitch—was a man in his late sixties. Despite his abysmal boredom, he was in fine stomach, his health unimpaired save for a touch of high blood-pressure. As he tilted back in his swivel-chair, the approach bell rang. That meant someone was coming up to see him. He looked at the door and said, "Come in!"

The door swung open. If he had not spoken those exact words in that exact tone, the door would have stood up to hydrogen bombing. It worked electronically, like most other things in Lord Foyer's office and indeed through the entire circuit of cinevision theatres he controlled.

"THIS is it," said Jimmy. "The last word." Lord Foyer eyed the crate gloomily. He had been inspecting Jimmy Stevens's last words for ten years

Jimmy Stevens came through. Jimmy was thirty-six, with the big head and projecting ears of technocratic man. Following him came his stooge, Foolow, with the low brow and barrel chest of a gorilla. Foolow was carrying a heavy wooden crate.

"Morning, Laz," said Jimmy.

"Good morning, my poy," said Lord Foyer. He still had trouble with his Ps and Bs, even though it was half a century since he stowed aboard that Russian timber ship to be kicked ashore at Tilbury.

"Well Laz, this is *it*," said Jimmy. "The last word." (*Continued on page* 58)

James Boswell and Doctor Johnson at Vauxhall Gardens (after Rowlandson)

The Gay Young Boswell

By Guy Livingston

"HE (Doctor Johnson) advised me to keep a journal of my life, fair and undisguised. . . . He said indeed that I should keep it private, and that I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. For my own part, I have at present such an affection for this my journal that it shocks me to think of burning it. I rather encourage the idea of having it carefully laid up among the archives of Auchinleck." Thus wrote young James Boswell in July, 1763, when he was twenty-two and on his second visit to London.

Praise be that Boswell rejected the doctor's inflammatory hint. Had he not, his now newly-published *London Journal, 1762–1763* (Heinemann, 21s.), in which the above passage appears, and his other *Journals*, whose publication is promised, would have gone up 150 years ago in the peat-flames of a Scottish hearth, and both ourselves and posterity would be the poorer. For the confessions and self-revelations of James Boswell, only now rescued from oblivion and beginning to see the light of day, should establish him as a diarist as ripe and piquant as Pepys.

Boswell, the biographer of Samuel Johnson, has always been the lesser figure overshadowed by the greater. Such renown as he has enjoyed has been at second-hand. He has been to the great doctor as Sancho Panza was to Don Quixote, or Watson to Sherlock Holmes. The appearance of his *London Journal* looks like changing all that. Boswell now becomes a major literary personality, an expert observer and recorder of the foibles of human nature (his own as much as other peoples').

The *London Journal*, edited from Boswell's neatly-written manuscript of 736 pages, is in essence the story of a young provincial—for Boswell was, and remained to the end of his life, as incurably provincial as Arnold Bennett—enjoying the bright lights and the freedoms and dissipations of the metropolis. It describes his visit to London in search, primarily, of a commission in the Guards, his day-to-day encounters with the great and the less great, his formidable philanderings, his meeting and almost immediate friendship with Doctor Johnson, and his subsequent decision to abandon his military ambitions and study law, which was what his father, an eminent Scottish judge, had wanted all along.

HIS account of his first sight of Samuel Johnson in May, 1763, must be quoted: it is one of the famous encounters of literary history.

"I drank tea at Davies's in Russell Street," writes young James, "and about seven came in the great Mr. Samuel Johnson, whom I have so long wished to see. Mr. Davies introduced me to him. As I knew his mortal antipathy at the Scotch, I cried to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.' However, he said, 'From Scotland.' 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'indeed I come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.'" (*Continued on page* 80)

James Boswell

"WE'RE worried about burglars at my house, and my wife said I should come along here and ask you if you'd look after some money for us. It's all in this envelope—£500 in £5 notes"

How A Murderer's Perfect Alibi Was Shattered By One Little Mistake Due To

Force Of Habit

By Ray Sonin

THE little man walked into the police station clutching the envelope to his raincoat. As he waited in the office while the station-sergeant finished making an entry in a record book, his eyes blinked quickly behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

"My name is Potter," he announced meekly, when the officer looked up from his book and frowned an inquiry. "I live at 25 Digby Lane."

The sergeant resisted the temptation to remark "How nice for you!" and reflected that it must be the influence of the telephone service, always asking for a person's number before they'd condescend to speak to you, that disciplined people to give their name and address before they could get down to even the most trivial business. He jerked out his musing as the words of the little man penetrated his thoughts.

". . . and there's £500 in this envelope."

"Just a minute," interrupted the police officer. "Would you mind starting from the beginning again?" He covered up his aural lapse by indicating that he was going to take notes of the conversation.

The little man obliged, and went right back to the sing-song recital of his name and address. Then he continued: "We're worried about burglars at my house, and my wife said I should come along here and ask you if you'd look after some money for us. It's all here in this envelope—£500 in £5 notes."

"£500, eh? Lot o' money. Haven't you got anywhere to keep it in the house? A safe or something?"

"No," answered Mr. Potter. "You see, we live in a studio—a self-contained bungalow with a glass-panelled roof. And the rain's been coming in shockingly, so the builders are working on the roof now. They've taken the main structure off, and covered the hole with a tarpaulin."

"And you think burglars might unlash the tarpaulin and break into the place?"

"That's right. It 'ud be quite easy when we're out; the workmen have left their ladders."

"Then the only thing, sir," pronounced the sergeant judicially, "is not to leave the premises untenanted."

"I quite agree," nodded Mr. Potter, "but I have to be out a lot and there are only the two of us, and my wife isn't strong. So she'd be no match for burglars. It's very worrying."

The sergeant scratched his cheek with the end of his penholder. "Well, what do you want us to do?" he asked.

"First of all, this money. Can you keep it here for me over the week-end?"

"I'll have to ask the Superintendent. But £500—it's a lot of money to be lying about loose. May I ask . . .?" He coughed discreetly.

Mr. Potter permitted himself a grin. "Oh, it's been honestly come by, I assure you," he answered, and the sergeant nodded vigorously—but not quite vigorously enough to wipe the interrogative expression off his face. "I took it out of my bank this morning," the little man went on. "You see, I've bought a car, and a man was driving it down to me from Coventry this afternoon. To-day being Saturday and the dealers not knowing me personally, they asked me to pay the driver in cash. I had it all ready for him."

"And he didn't turn up?"

"He had an accident on the journey. The car was smashed up, and the driver's in hospital."

"Dear, dear!" commiserated the sergeant. "Tough luck!"

"Yes, but to make it worse, somebody has got wind of the fact that I have all this money in my house."

"Oh, and what gives you that idea?"

"Well, my wife took the phone call about the accident and, not thinking, you see, and being upset at the news, she said we'd got all that money in the house in cash specially for the car, and now we'd have to keep it over the week-end. Of course, she shouldn't have said a thing like that on the telephone when anybody might be listening, but . . . well, she did, and there you are."

"But because she mentioned it—rather indiscreetly, I'll agree—that doesn't mean to say that anybody heard it who might be up to no good."

"Oh, yes, it does. All this afternoon, we've been getting mysterious phone calls. I answered them and said 'Hallo' and I could hear that someone was at the other end—you know you can tell when the line's open—but the caller didn't say anything and hung up after a little while."

"And you think it was someone checking up to find out if anyone was at home?"

"That's right."

"Yes," agreed the sergeant, "it's a well-known dodge. But what can we do about it?"

"Well, I hoped you could ask the constable on the beat to keep a special eye on the place."

"That can be arranged. Of course, he can't guard it all the time; we haven't got enough men for that sort of thing, but he can certainly keep a close watch whenever he's passing."

"Thank you, sergeant. It 'ud put my mind at rest when I have to go out. When will he be coming round?"

The police officer looked at the clock. "He'll be starting his beat in five minutes," he answered. "Digby Lane—let me see? Oh, he goes round that way at the start of his patrol."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Potter timidly, "I could wait for him and walk with him as far as the house. Then I could show him what he's got to look for."

The little man's eyes gleamed as the sergeant pondered, and, when an affirmative answer was forthcoming, he breathed a sigh of relief.

The sergeant pressed a buzzer and a constable came in. He said: "Ask Constable Rowe to come in here before he goes out on his beat." The policeman went off with the message and Mr. Potter, thanking the sergeant for his co-operation, went on to ask: "What about this money? Can I leave it here?"

"Ah, yes, the money. Excuse me, I'll just ask the Superintendent." The sergeant slid off his high stool and made his way across the office to a door on which he knocked. He went inside and came out, after a few minutes, accompanied by a portly gentleman in plain clothes who asked to hear Mr. Potter's story all over again.

He listened attentively. "I see," he said at length. "And you want to leave this money with us?"

"That's right," answered the little man, handing over the Manila envelope he had been clutching throughout the interview. The Superintendent examined it with a frown, turning it over in his thick fingers. On the front of it was printed the name of the bank, and the envelope was sealed with the bank's official seal.

"Couldn't you take it back to the bank?" queried the Superintendent. "They usually have a night-safe outside for this sort of thing."

"I know," agreed Mr. Potter, "but my branch is right over the other side of town, and I don't want to leave my wife alone for too long—not with all this funny business going on."

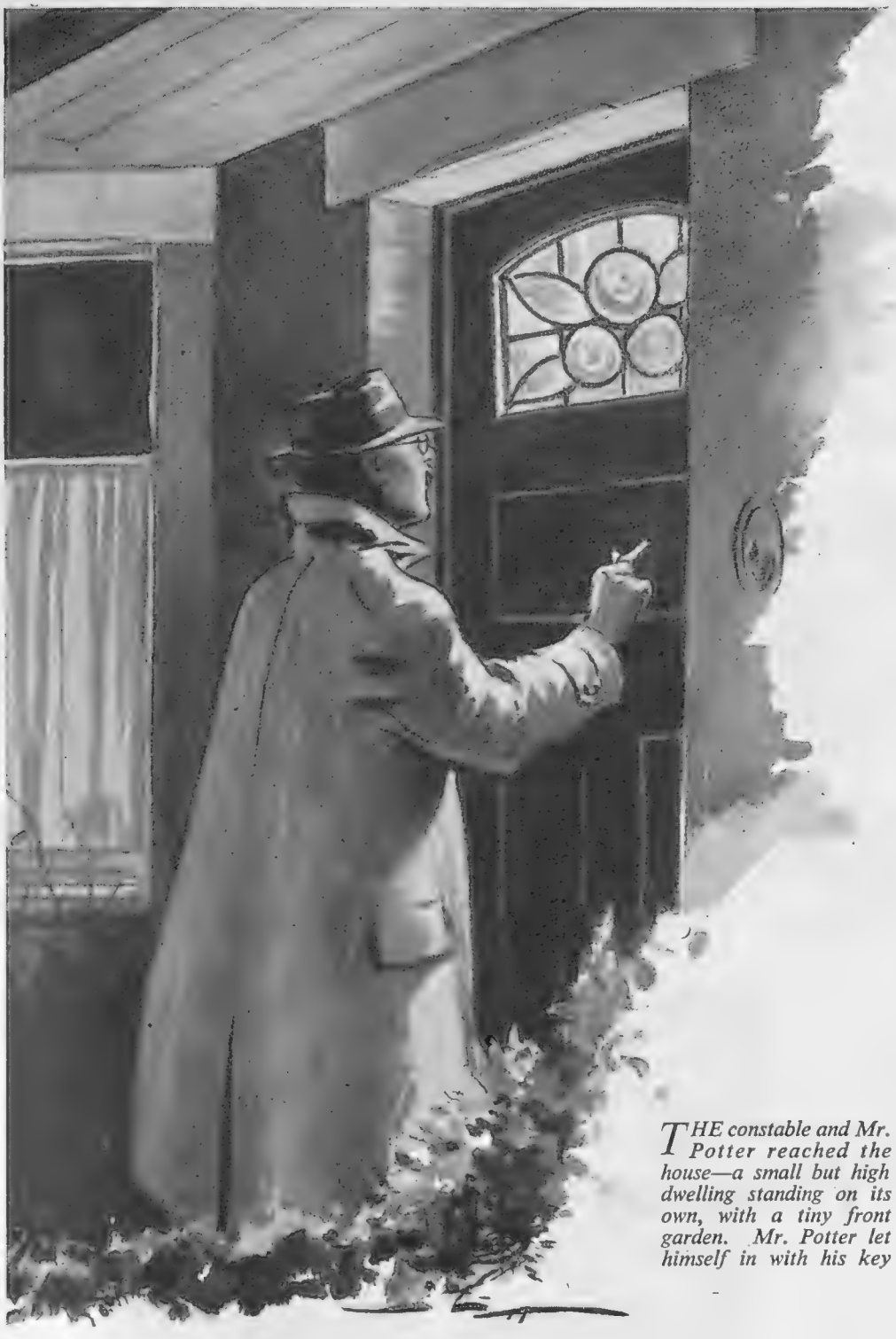
"All right," said the Superintendent, "in the circumstances, we'll keep the money for you here until Monday morning. But I must make it clear that, as far as we are concerned, this envelope may contain £500 or five hundred bits of blank paper; we're not interested in its contents. The sergeant will give you a receipt for an envelope with a bank seal on it, and it'll be returned to you with the seal intact. Fair enough?"

Mr. Potter nodded, and, while the sergeant was carefully making out a receipt for him, he turned to the Superintendent. "I know it's an awful cheek," he said, "but do you think I could use your telephone, please? I'm anxious about my wife—I want to find out if she's all right."

"Go ahead," said the Superintendent kindly, and the little man pulled the phone on the desk towards him and dialled a number. In the receiver, the high-pitched answering crackle of a woman's voice could be clearly heard.

"Hallo, is that you, dear?" said Mr. Potter. "Everything all right? . . . Good . . . . Just phoned up to make sure; I was a bit anxious. . . . Be seeing you

Illustrations by Frank Lea



THE constable and Mr. Potter reached the house—a small but high dwelling standing on its own, with a tiny front garden. Mr. Potter let himself in with his key

very soon. Don't worry. . . . Good-bye, Mary, dear." He hung up and fumbled in his pocket for two pennies which he laid on the desk.

"Everything all right?" asked the Superintendent solicitously, as the sergeant passed over the receipt.

"Yes, thank you," answered the little man. "She says nothing has happened, but she'll be glad when I get back. I'd better be going."

His words were a cue for entry, for the door opened and a young constable came in. The situation having been explained to him, he grasped the facts quickly and intelligently and they went out together, after Mr. Potter had thanked everyone within sight with more emphasis than their actions seemed to have warranted.

Walking through the rainswept streets, the little man and the constable talked fitfully—about the weather, the number of burglaries there had been in the district lately and (quoth Mr. Potter) how good it was of the constable to keep an eye on his house, and (quoth the constable) it was just in the line of duty, sir.

They reached the house—a small but high dwelling standing on its own, with a tiny front garden. A light was visible through the frosted-glass panels of the front door and Mr. Potter, letting himself in with his key, called out a cheery greeting to tell his wife he was back.

But there was no answering call—which was hardly surprising for, when he rushed into the wooden-floored studio that was the main room of the house, his wife was lying on the floor in front of the fire. She was dead—murdered by repeated blows on what had once been her head. . . .

The constable, who had been walking round the house to get the lie of the land, came running at Mr. Potter's panic-stricken cry, and his jaw dropped at the sight that met him.

The room was a shambles. Papers had been scattered from a bureau and books from their shelves; everything movable had been turned upside down and thrown into the centre of the floor. It was obvious that the place had been very thoroughly and very unceremoniously searched.

In the centre of the room, a ladder led up to the skylight where a ghostly flapping proclaimed the fact that the tarpaulin had been unhitched from its moorings.

While Mr. Potter, on his knees beside the dead woman, was crying piteously, the constable collected himself. He went over to the phone, made an official call, and, within a few minutes, the Superintendent whom the little man had only just left was at the house heading a battery of grim-faced investigators who peered, pried, photographed and finger printed.

The Superintendent was patient with Mr. Potter, for the little man was overcome by the tragedy and found it difficult to collect his thoughts. When at last he was in a fit state to talk, he answered the official questions numbly, looking blankly into nothingness as he did so.

His wife was not a strong woman but she had been in her usual state of health when he left her. That would be about 7.30. He had gone straight to the police station (five minutes' walk away) and had returned with the constable just after eight o'clock. He produced his chequebook to show the Superintendent the counterfoil for the £500 in cash that he had drawn from the bank that morning, and, rummaging through the strewn contents of the bureau, he found the letter from the Coventry car dealer informing him that the car he had ordered would be delivered on Saturday afternoon.

The murder must have taken place a few minutes before he and the constable reached the house because he had spoken to his wife on the phone from the police station. Yes, she had sounded perfectly all right, and to think that, only a few minutes later . . . he buried his head in his hands.

Waiting in a respectful silence for Mr. Potter to regain his self-control, the Superintendent busied himself turning over the documents scattered on the floor. One of them interested him more than the others; he retained it in his hand.

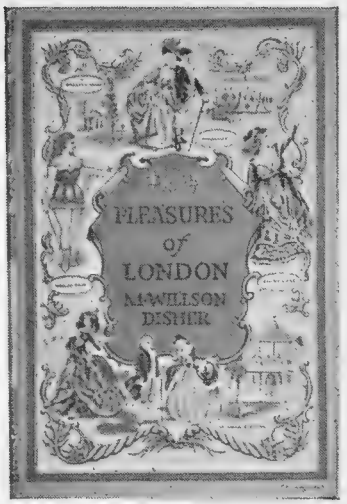
When Mr. Potter could talk again coherently, the questioning went on. How did he think this dreadful thing had happened? Well, it was obvious, wasn't it? Burglars, of course, after the £500. They had spied out the land through their phone calls, and then had probably put a watch on the house and seen him go out. She wouldn't have let anyone in through the front door while he was away, so they came in through the roof; it was easy enough to get up there by scaling the drainpipe. Once on the roof, all they had to do was unhitch the tarpaulin and come down the ladder.

Why didn't she shout or phone for help when she saw the intruders breaking in? Well, she would have been too frightened. Or, perhaps, she was in the kitchen preparing his dinner; it was about the time for her to do that. Yes, that was more likely because, when she came in and disturbed them, she probably screamed and they panicked and—and—he cast a pathetic glance towards the body.

A detective who had gone up the ladder to search the roof came down into the room carrying a blood-stained hammer. The Superintendent (*Continued on page 78*)

Books:

Reviewed by
Trevor Allen



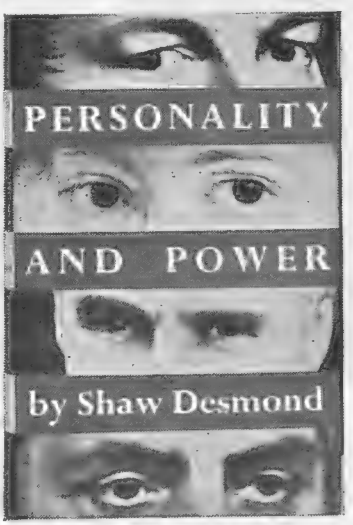
VAUXHALL, Cremorne, Ranelagh, the Crystal Palace, Earl's Court Exhibition, the oldtime music halls and theatres—what a story there is in the cakes and ale, the swings and roundabouts of London life! Above all, in their fight with Authority which, M. Willson Disher points out, has always shared the views of Malvolio: "Have you not wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?" so that the event that occurs most frequently in London's history is "the horrible murder of the spirit of delight." When we consider that at one time the Theatres Royal monopoly could have a clown imprisoned merely for uttering "roast beef" unaccompanied by music, it is a wonder we ever contrived to enjoy ourselves lustily. But we did, as Mr. Disher happily records in "Pleasures of London" (Hale, 21s.), a brightly written, well illustrated book as nostalgic in its appeal as the admirable *Late Joys* at the Players' Theatre, where Gatti's-under-the-arches once flourished.

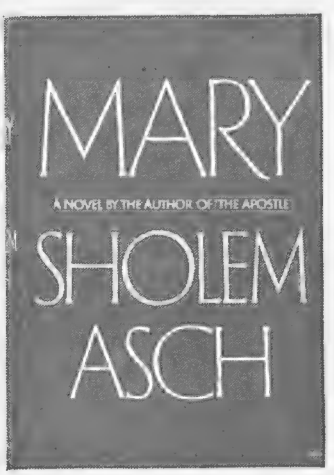
NOT Gatti's, but the old Canterbury in the Westminster Bridge Road, was virtually the first music hall to emerge from the tavern sing-songs; and what an influence those halls have had on our social life! W. Macqueen-Pope tells their story, recalling all the stars and the songs they sang, in "The Melodies Linger On" (W. H. Allen, 21s.), a book no one with memories can read without a lump in the throat. It takes me back to my boyhood when I would leap up the gallery steps of the Chelsea Palace to adore Gertie Gitana in her white topper!

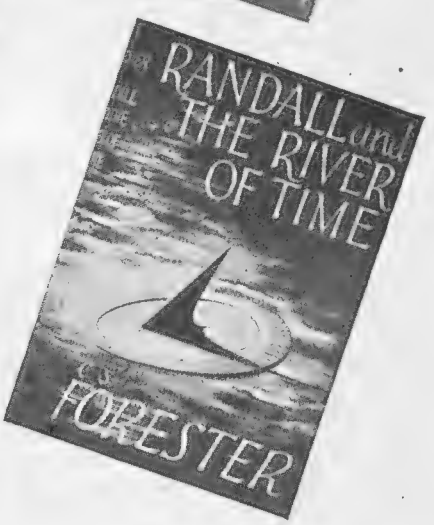
HAD Georgian London possessed music halls, some of the sons of George III would doubtless have patronized them *incognito*, depend upon it, for they had a zest for the lighter pleasures of the town. I have re-studied with pleasure the chequered lives of their wives and mistresses in Jane Eliza Hasted's "Unsuccessful Ladies" (Hale, 15s.), tersely-written biographies of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Jordan, Mary Anne Clarke, Mme. de St. Laurent, Queen Adelaide, and others implicated in the scandals and complications of Hanoverian eccentricity.

A woman who might have shone in such society, had she been born earlier, was Mrs. Beatrice Holden, for she had a ready wit, though it often ran to outrageous puns. When a friend said: "What a stupid old fellow —— has become. He thinks of nothing but young girls and old prints," she replied: "Yes, but I very much doubt if he gets 'first impressions' of either." "We've Been Thinking" edited by Robert Colville (Skeffington, 18s.) chiefly embodies her hunting-field and Edwardian reminiscences, with chapters by Col. Charles Rich and others: a gay book which shows that there is much more in huntin' than Wilde's facile "pursuit of the uneatable by the unspeakable."

She and her hunting friends at least had *personality*—sometimes too much of it—and if we would know what personality is, here is that dithyrambic enthusiast, Shaw Desmond, to define it as Power, the Flower of the Ages, the Pride of Life, and what have you, in "Personality and Power" (Rockliff, 16s.). You know you have it if people "vibrate" to you when you enter a room, theatre or restaurant, for you pour out an electric current, "aura," or halo. Do you vibrate to me, reading this feature? No? Hard luck. I am not a dynamo, then, but a power-cut. Mr. Desmond, using a lot of Capital Letters, parades famous people, past and present, who *had* or *have* it, and explains why. So the next time we meet. . . . (*Continued on page* 82)

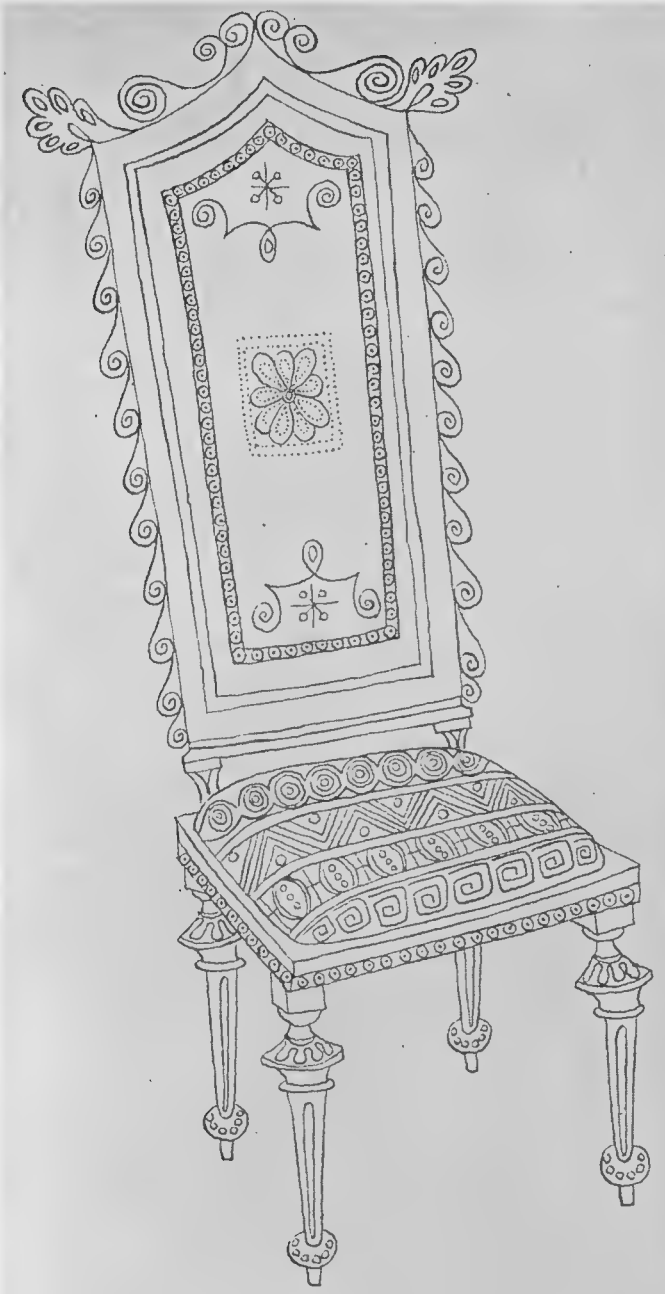






All You Want To Know

UNLIKE most of us, **"Whitaker's Almanack"** doesn't have to worry about putting on weight. The 1951 issue, 1,156 pages in the Complete Edition, the biggest so far, has features of special interest for Festival Year: on London cathedrals and churches, buildings, places of interest and monuments, with a note of bomb damage and restoration. Recent international developments abroad are recorded, particularly in relation to Korea, India, Pakistan, Egypt and the Sudan, and the new Republic of Indonesia. There is the customary review of the past year's events in literature, drama, films, science, invention, discovery. Complete, 12s. 6d.; shorter, paper-covered, 7s. 6d.; library edition, half-bound in leather, with coloured maps, 25s.



Sitting Pretty

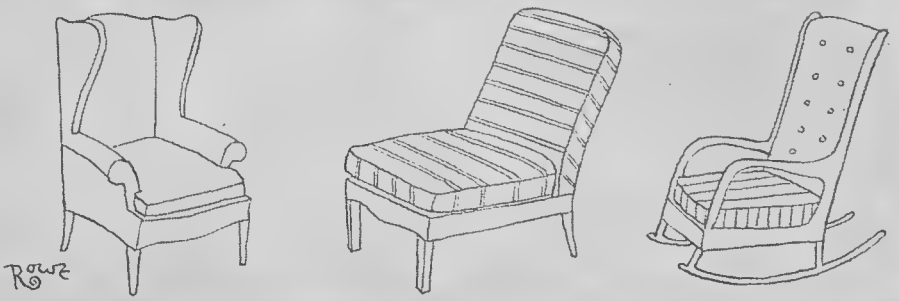
Chairs are often chosen for their decorative quality and not on grounds of practical comfort. Katey Dunn discusses some of the factors involved in choosing a chair in which it is a pleasure to sit

IF you were to arrange in order of importance the material things in your daily life, where would you put chairs? If you think of the three basic positions of your body—standing, sitting, lying—you will realize, I think, how high in such a list must come shoes, chairs, beds. So—leaving out all the abstracts—the surest way to physical well-being is to make sure that these three things are as comfortable as is humanly possible. Let us, then, consider chairs.

Two obvious principles suggest themselves. Obvious—but not always observed. One is that a chair should be "chairful"—in other words that it should be carefully designed to fit the human figure in its natural sitting posture; the other that this rule should be modified, if at all, in only one direction—towards suiting the activity of the chair's occupant. Let us list first those "modified chairs"—the ones made for a special purpose that is—which your comfort demands. First, the washable chair, with an inch or two sawn off the legs, invaluable for bathing and nursing the baby, for sitting on as you dress your three-year-old, and even for lending to the child himself when he "listens with mother." Then the stools—the high stool in the kitchen which raises you to precisely the right height above your sink or other surfaces on which you have to work; and the wide, comfortably padded stool before your dressing table, and which can do so much to enhance the pleasures of getting ready for an occasion.

And now to the subject of chairs for pure comfort—your living-room chairs. These are the most important in your house, they are your chairs for leisure and for entertaining. If you are very young the chances are that you have the entirely wrong-headed idea that lolling is more comfortable than sitting; and so you may be misled into choosing for your drawing-room chairs that are too low-slung, too deep-seated, like the armchairs that were so fashionable in the twenties and thirties. Chairs of this type are liable to disregard my first principle—they bear insufficient relation to the human figure when sitting. In them, no posture is possible other than an uneasy and ungraceful compromise between lying and sitting. The illusion of comfort they produce is short-lived. The depth of seat is too long for the natural length between thigh and knee, and the arms are too high to allow of any activity easily—even the holding of a book. The seats are far too low, and this

brings me to quite a good test to apply when choosing easy chairs. If, as you seat yourself, you find yourself dropping past that point where you still have control of your posture, then the chairs are badly designed, and as you grow older you will become increasingly tired of the undignified attitudes they require as you seat yourself, as you sit, and as you haul yourself out again. And once in such chairs as these, an uneasy slackness is apt to invade your prostrate being. Is it fanciful to trace a correlation between the decay of good conversation and the onset of the vogue for this type of chair? Far better—more comfortable, more healthy, more graceful, and with a real relation between design and body are the high-backed armchairs that are coming increasingly into favour. Seats are not too deep and not too near the floor, padding is soft but not too soft, arms not too high for needlework or for holding a book with comfort—these are the civilized and sociable articles of furniture that all (*Continued on page 74*)



A bluebell wood, radiant with early sunshine, offers the homeland's special challenge to early travellers

Early Birds

THE summer season has somehow rooted itself in the average estimation as the only one for a holiday. Habit and the weather are largely responsible for this conviction, yet it is doubtful if the playtime months of high summer are any more predictable in the sense of weather, and can we really deny the rapture of spring? Think of a bluebell wood in Cumberland in May; a field of jonquils in the Scillies; "meadows of England shining in the rain" when spring veils the countryside in green.

Practical arguments for the early bird include, of course, the blessed absence of crowds everywhere, the advantage of easy reservations on trains and boats, best rooms in hotels and, not least, the advantage of off-peak holiday tariffs: a persuasive factor which few can afford to ignore.

If you like a holiday spiced with the picturesque, the spring offers unique opportunities abroad. The sudden and miraculous flowering of spring flowers in Alpine pastures; the Dutch bulb fields stretching mile after mile of fragrant Technicolor; wistaria and the brilliant magenta-blossomed Judas trees of Tuscany; the special loveliness of Paris in spring: these are for the early birds alone.

Easter religious festivals, in towns and small forgotten villages all over Europe, stage a drama of colour and pageantry which has been lost to England since the Middle Ages. The Easter procession at Seville is a spectacle famed throughout the world, but nearer home, the Procession of the Penitents at Furnes, in Belgium, offers the same combination of the melodramatic and the picturesque. It is, alas, already too late for Mardi Gras and the battle of flowers in the streets of Nice, but next year, perhaps. . . .

Now for hard facts about fares, for most of us the anxiety factor in the holiday budget. If you have a car, motoring works out the cheapest, spring or summer, at home or abroad. Even on the Continent, where the high cost of petrol and

Some Arguments In Favour Of An Early Holiday

the cross-Channel freight has to be taken into consideration, a car can reduce overheads by cutting out odd excursion fares and making camping for the odd night a practical possibility. A party sharing, obviously, divides the cost.

Really early holiday plans carry the advantage of the B.E.A. winter sports air excursion rates which continue until the end of March. The special return fare to Geneva is £23 10s. 0d. instead of £28 9s. 0d.; To Munich and back costs £30 as against £37. Zurich £25 instead of £30 9s. 0d. All worthwhile reductions. A winter air excursion fare to Rome reduces the normal fare of £57 12s. 0d. to £50.

There are, of course, year-round reduced air rates to Paris (£10 return from London instead of £14 8s. 0d.), but remember that these special fares operate only on four planes a day, two in the early morning and two in the evening. Bookings are therefore limited and there is obviously less chance of disappointment early in the season when fewer people travel.

If you sigh for the blue Mediterranean but jib at the rail fare, consider making at least part of the journey by (*Continued on page* 88)

Spring daubs its fabulous colouring upon the Alpine slopes when the annual miracle of the flowers covers the landscape with unimaginable hues. Golden crested globe flowers, grown-up relations of our own buttercups, on the higher slopes of the Engadine

Paris in spring has its own attractions and, within a half-hour's travel, Versailles lays its architectural wonders and its flowering landscape gardens before the early traveller. *Photo: Commissariat Général Au Tourisme, Paris*

Tulips, hyacinths, spring blossoming in a riot of colour, invite early birds to the bulb fields of Holland and offer the advantage of easy access and foreign travel at a modest cost

Against a backcloth of architectural glory Seville stages the strange emotional rites of the Easter festival, when the hot natural colours of Spain flush brighter against the fantastic costumes of tradition

MATERIALS: 6 oz. of Wendy Family Wool, 3-ply; 1 pair of No. 14 needles (for picking up machine ribbing), and 1 pair of No. 10.
Measurements: Length, 22 ins.; width across shoulders, 16 ins.
Tension: 8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

Herringbone Effect

A machine ribbing service was used for welt and ribbed bands on this sleeveless pullover. The following ribbing was ordered (actual stitch numbers should be quoted) : 2 welts, 6¼ ins. deep, on 123 sts. ; 2 armhole bands about 30 ins. long, slightly stretched, on 22 sts. ; 1 neckband about 21 ins. long, slightly stretched, also on 22 sts. In case hand-ribbing is preferred, a note on this follows the instructions for original.

BACK

Slip first 22 and last 22 of the machine ribbing sts. to safety-pins for armhole borders. Pick up remaining 79, wrong side facing, join wool and p. 6, (inc. into next st., p. 5) 11 times, inc., p. 6 (91). Change to patt. and No. 10 needles :

1st row.—K. 3, (wool forward, slip 5 purlwise, wool back, k. 3) to end.

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—K. 5, *—put point of right needle under loose strand of 1st row and k. it tog. with next st., k. 7 ; rep. from * but end k. 5 instead of k. 7.

4th row.—P.

These 4 rows form patt. Rep. them, increasing 1 st. at both ends of 13th and every 12th row following until 107 are on needle. Work straight until 22 ins. from lower edge.

Now shape the shoulders and neck as follows : Cast off 12, patt. next 24, cast off next (centre) 35, patt. to end. Cast off 12 on next 3 alternate rows at side edge. Join wool to neck edge of remaining 24, work to side edge, and cast off 12 on next 2 alternate rows at side edge.

FRONT

Work as for back until 100th row (107 on needle).

To shape the neck : Patt. 50, cast off next (centre) 7, ptn. to end. Continue on last set of 50, leaving the first set on stitch-holder, and dec. 1 st. at centre-front edge on every 4th row 12 times then every 8th row until 36 remain. Work straight until front is same length as back. (*Continued on page* 84)

★ ★ ★ ★

A Fancy Cable

The cable stitch referred to below is worked as follows :
1st row (right side of work).—K. 2, sl. 2, thread behind sts., k. 2.
2nd row.—P. 2, sl. 2, thread in front of sts., p. 2.
3rd row.—K. 1, miss 1 st., k. first slipped st. from the front, then k. missed st., k. second st. from the back, then first st., k. 1.
4th row.—P.
5th row.—Rep. from first row.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 130 sts.

Rib : k. 1, p. 1 for 3¼ ins. During last row, inc. by 19 sts. evenly over the needle (149 sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles, and work as follows : 1 edge st., 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, st.st. 25, p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, st.st. 25, p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., 1 edge st. At 11 ins. from the start, shape for armholes : cast off both sides of each of next 7 rows : 4, 3, 2 sts., then 1 st. 4 times (123 sts.).

At 7 ins. from the commencement of armhole shaping, shape shoulders : cast off 9 sts. each end of next 2 rows, 10 sts. each end of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining 47 sts.

FRONT

As back. When armhole measures 5½ ins., shape for neck : cast off 15 sts, in the centre. Dec. each side of neck opening : 3 sts. in next 2 rows, 2 sts. in next 3 rows, 1 st. in next 4 rows.

Shape shoulders at same height and in same way as for back.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 60 sts.

Rib : k. 1, p. 1 for 2¾ ins. Increasing by 18 sts. over the needle.

Change to No. 11 needles, work as follows : 1 edge st., 4 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss (*Continued on page* 84)

MATERIALS: 12 oz. Lister's Lavenda, 3-ply wool; Nos. 12 and 11 needles; 1 zip fastener.
Measurements: Underarm (unstretched), 35 ins.; from shoulder to waist, 18½ ins.
Tension (measured over stocking stitch): 7 sts. to 1 in.

Little Wool Dress

Double saddle pockets on a bias-cut skirt. A check wool dress to alternate with a suit when Spring breaks through. Lady in Tweed. About £8.

Navy wool, slim-skirted with horizontal bands of navy taffeta. For afternoon affairs, the perfect helpmeet for a fur coat. Lady in Navy. £15.

Wolsey's younger jersey dress buttons through, has cap sleeves and a detachable piqué collar. In cornelian and pastel shades. £6 11s.

Stone wool jersey dress with deep pleats forming a panel effect. A matching cardigan jacket. Wolsey £10.

For particulars of stockists of these dresses, send a stamped, addressed envelope to The Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

The Sweater Grows Up

Who could have supposed that the ugly duckling of the hosiery industry, the offspring of long underwear and woollen stockings, would blossom into the fashion classic of to-day?

SOMEWHERE around the close of the First World War a new term passed into the English language. The "jumper" had arrived.

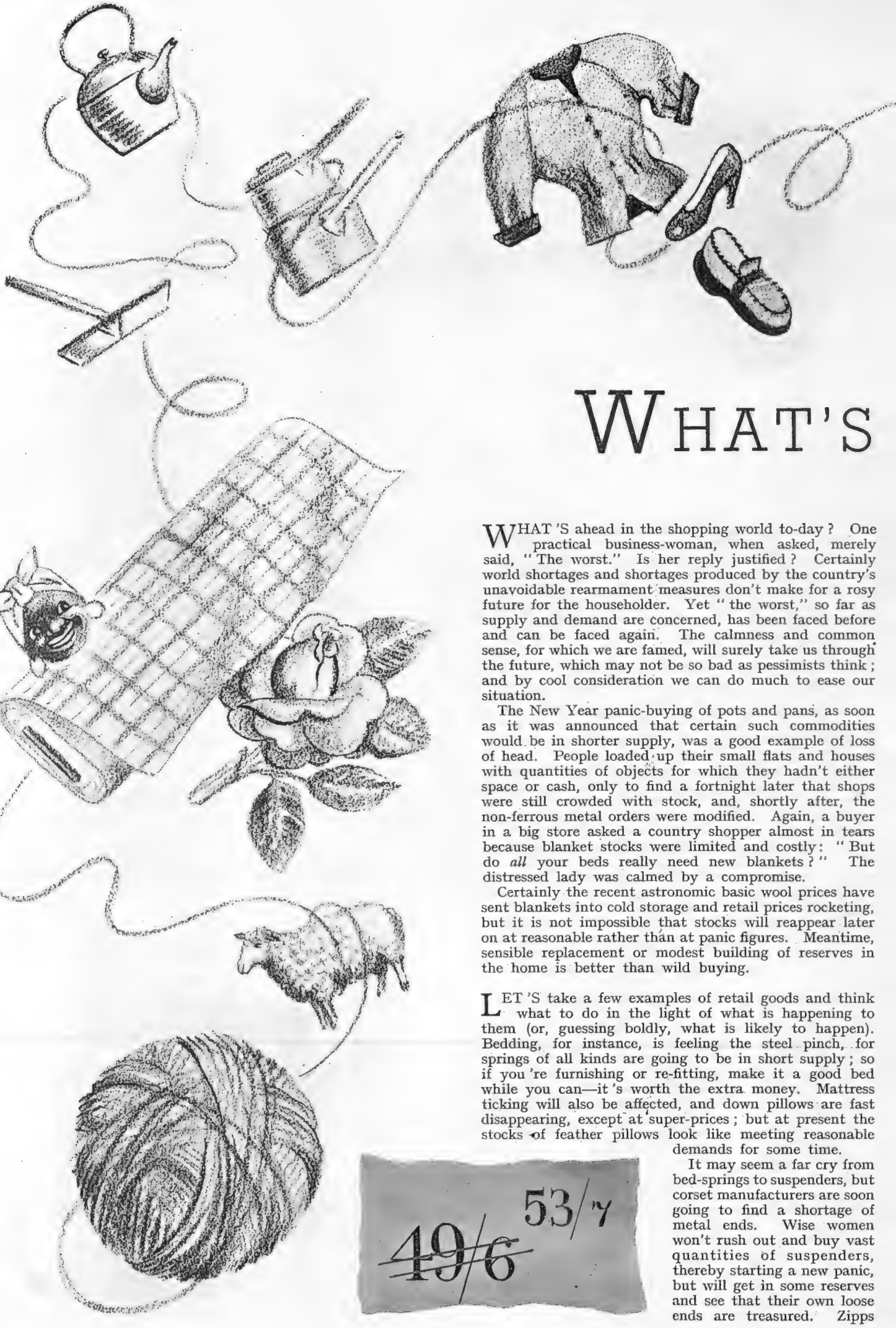
Just how this startling innovation which the hosiery manufacturers were still describing as "woollen outerwear" received its christening is anybody's guess. If the gentlemen who were responsible for its debut (the later interpretations of which they would almost certainly have been shocked to anticipate) went to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for a definition they found this: "A loose outer jacket reaching to the hips made of cotton drilling or coarse linen worn by sailors, longshoremen, truckmen and others."

Looking back to those fetching numbers of the early Twenties, it is easy to detect the confusion of thought which was distracting the manufacturer, long wedded to woollen underwear, finding himself with an addition to the hosiery family which displayed the unmistakable features of the "longshoreman and truckman."

Nevertheless, women took the offspring of long underwear to their hearts and kept it there. It was a homely infant. Not even the fondest parent could have anticipated the success of the ugly duckling who, in defiance of its practical-minded antecedents, blossomed into glamour and finally went to Hollywood.

The secret of it all lies in the success with which the jumper, which once so diffidently embraced the feminine form, has discarded its inhibitions, yet, with single-minded purpose, retained its inherent qualities of comfort. Its versatility is infinite. It goes to the golf course or scintillates (spangled with sequins) at a little dinner with equal poise. It enters the latest couture collection accompanied with a skirt of frothy tulle or relates itself to the ubiquitous slacks and never bats an eyelid. Yes, indeed, the awful child of the hosiery looms has quite definitely grown up.

Whatever the jumpers of the Twenties lacked in curves they made up for in the virility of their patterns (1 and 2 on the left). Machines accustomed to produce underwear more robust than glamorous were a little disconcerted by their new function—and showed it; but by the 1930's they were getting into their stride (3 and 4), and had even entered the era of the "lace effect." In the Forties and Fifties the adolescent emerged into exciting maturity with the evening version (5 by Dorville), the Couture interpretation (6) and those unsurpassable classics the "turtle neck" and the "twins" (7 and 8, by Pringle of Scotland).



WHAT'S

WHAT 'S ahead in the shopping world to-day ? One practical business-woman, when asked, merely said, " The worst." Is her reply justified ? Certainly world shortages and shortages produced by the country's unavoidable rearmament measures don't make for a rosy future for the householder. Yet " the worst," so far as supply and demand are concerned, has been faced before and can be faced again. The calmness and common sense, for which we are famed, will surely take us through the future, which may not be so bad as pessimists think ; and by cool consideration we can do much to ease our situation.

The New Year panic-buying of pots and pans, as soon as it was announced that certain such commodities would be in shorter supply, was a good example of loss of head. People loaded up their small flats and houses with quantities of objects for which they hadn't either space or cash, only to find a fortnight later that shops were still crowded with stock, and, shortly after, the non-ferrous metal orders were modified. Again, a buyer in a big store asked a country shopper almost in tears because blanket stocks were limited and costly: " But do *all* your beds really need new blankets ? " The distressed lady was calmed by a compromise.

Certainly the recent astronomic basic wool prices have sent blankets into cold storage and retail prices rocketing, but it is not impossible that stocks will reappear later on at reasonable rather than at panic figures. Meantime, sensible replacement or modest building of reserves in the home is better than wild buying.

LET 'S take a few examples of retail goods and think what to do in the light of what is happening to them (or, guessing boldly, what is likely to happen). Bedding, for instance, is feeling the steel pinch, for springs of all kinds are going to be in short supply ; so if you 're furnishing or re-fitting, make it a good bed while you can—it 's worth the extra money. Mattress ticking will also be affected, and down pillows are fast disappearing, except at super-prices ; but at present the stocks of feather pillows look like meeting reasonable demands for some time.

It may seem a far cry from bed-springs to suspenders, but corset manufacturers are soon going to find a shortage of metal ends. Wise women won't rush out and buy vast quantities of suspenders, thereby starting a new panic, but will get in some reserves and see that their own loose ends are treasured. Zipps

Disquieting news of shortages and rising prices keep us on tenterhooks. The imponderables of a complex situation make an exact forecast impossible, but Lorna Lewis has consulted well-informed opinions to compose a prophetic picture of . . .

AHEAD?

must also be treated with care so as to increase their duration of active life, as replacements won't be easy.

There should be a reasonable supply of household hardware as there is no restriction on aluminium pots and pans, or galvanised iron buckets and "essential water-holding utensils," although dustbins come within the prohibition. Substitutes will be widely used. Supplies of lighter-coloured paints will be affected.

WHAT about shoes? Owing to the world shortage of cattle, there is, of course, a shortage of first-class hides, and this will take a time to readjust. It is therefore worth buying the extra pair of best-quality shoes as an investment if you are likely to need them in the near future.

HOW are textiles standing up to "defence contracts"? Prediction here is most unwise; but let's look briefly at those two valuable commodities, nylon and rayon. American nylon has already gone on to war service and imports here have ceased. Our own home production of nylon is magnificently high. Though supply can't meet demand, there is at present plenty of good hard-wearing nylon material available at reasonable prices. But—and it's a large but—the position may change a lot when the Ministries place their rearmament contracts. So a levelheaded outlay of the present wide range of nylon products would be justified if you really need the goods.

Rayon is also in plentiful supply at present though it has been hit by the shortage of raw materials, notably sulphur. Rayon to-day is helping out lightweight woollen mixtures, and a recent 100-per-cent. rayon gaberdine is popular. Though stocks in general will be affected to a certain extent by Service requirements, there should be, for some months, a wide selection available on the home market.

Wool, about which there are so many alarming predictions, is, in fact, the black spot in the textile situation. World-wide stock-piling of raw wool, and other factors, have sent up the price of wool, and it is *still* rising. Nothing in the very complex situation gives cause for hope that the prices of woollens can escape a steep rise in the near future. On the other hand, if war is avoided, stock-piling will probably cease, or at least decline. Manufacturers, already "jobbing ahead" against rising prices, may then find it possible to adjust current costs against the anticipated fall. The outlook for wool is not bright, so, in the meantime, buy the best wool you can find. You may have to wear it a long time.

The outlook in general calls for a fresh display of many virtues with which the shopper is all too familiar—patience, prudence, foresight and unselfishness.

SAVING POINTS.

BUDGETING to meet rising costs, yet avoiding the bleakness of the bare term "economy," is a challenge to our ingenuity. How can it be done?

Fuel costs are an important factor, apart from the need to economise in the national interest, so a first practical step to saving is to know the appliances we use.

Contrary to popular conception, some of the larger electrical apparatus, particularly the motor-driven types like washing machines, refrigerators and vacuum cleaners, carry a very moderate rating in current consumption, while the more unassuming electric iron or kettle demands quite four times as much electricity.

With gas, remember that frying is more economical than grilling; wide, shallow pans require less heating than deep ones. Asbestos mats, which we tend to think of as gas-savers, are, in fact, the opposite.

Conserving room heat depends on measures for keeping out the cold. Cold rises even through carpet and linoleum, and it is worth while to use an underlay of sisal paper, which is cheap and has a high insulation value.

Heirlooms of the Linen Cupboard

In the lean years linen became one of the absent friends of the home and was so long gone that many grown women are unfamiliar with its qualities. For their benefit, Christopher Bethell explains the advantages of the linen now returning to home use.

IT is nearly twelve years since linen began to disappear from the shops, and it is a sad fact that there is a new generation of young women quite unfamiliar with its traditional qualities.

Many a "young married" may wonder why she should be glad to see linen returning to home uses when there is such a choice of clever new cottons and nylons, and other modern substitutes.

It has probably not occurred to the post-war housewife that her sheets are called "bed-linen" and are stored, with her "table-linen," in the "linen-cupboard." Nor has she realised that a dealer in all kinds of artificial materials dignifies himself as a "linen-draper," and that his domestic department is called "Household Linens"—recalling those days when bathrooms were snowy with linen towels, a dinner cloth meant always the brilliant, crisp, smooth lustre of linen damask, and beds invited one into the delicious refreshment of linen sheets.

Linen, in fact, is one of the quiet hallmarks of civilised living: like Sheffield-steel knives and white goose-down stuffing for pillows. You pay more for it, but linen has an heirloom quality. The best of it can last a lifetime, as our grandmother could testify.

Some linen is priceless—historic and heirloom tablecloths, inset with lace or embroidered—and some is practically prehistoric, such as the pieces discovered in Egypt, which were woven 3,000 years before Christ. You can spend £10 on a pair of sheets that will last several lifetimes. But you can also buy a glass cloth of linen for 3s. It will not last your lifetime, but it will go on drying things with the utmost efficiency longer than any cloth of a substitute material, and it will not leave lint on the tumblers.

BECAUSE linen has been almost unprocurable in the shops—Irish linen is nearly our No. 1 export (it beats Scotch whisky!)—the word seems to have gone round that no ordinary purse can afford it. And it is true that luxury linens are highly priced. Yesterday I saw in Bond Street a magnificent hand-woven and hand-embroidered tablecloth costing £63; and yet you can buy a really beautiful cloth of utility linen damask, in the famous "chrysanthemum" design, for about 50s. Rayon damask costs more than that and, despite its attractive look, will not endure so long.

Nearer present-day needs are perhaps the prettily coloured breakfast sets—a 54-in. cloth with six napkins to match. These were 45s. 1d. and the imitations in cotton were 50s. So you see, linen wins even on price.

A pair of 72-in. utility linen sheets cost £5 8s. 5d., which is not much more than good cotton utility at £4 9s. 6d. I have seen a good bargain in guest towels, utility with a damask border, in the universally popular size of 22 in. by 38 in., for 7s. 3d. Plain ones, 6-in. shorter, were 5s. 2d. The non-utility styles, I admit, start around 8s. and rise to a very fine and soft luxury at 26s. 11d., in beautiful pastel shades.

So much for prices (one must remember that by the time this is printed there may have been fluctuations of cost): the time has come to say a few words on why linen has been the "queen of fabrics" for more than 5,000 years.

First, linen thread is a natural dynamic thing. Have you ever seen a field of flax in bloom? It is a sea of the softest blue and the "wee blossom," as the Irish call it, waves at the head of slender stems which contain the fine strong fibre that practised hands take out and comb and spin into the white-gold lustrous yarn that has given its name to flaxen hair. Out of (*Continued on page 64*)

Just Look It Up

MOST women will admit that a good cookery book is an essential item of kitchen-equipment. Even those experienced cooks who " never weigh a thing " must acknowledge that there are times when a housewife needs the support of the printed word.

But cookery is not the only subject on which the housewife needs some expert advice. Most well-planned kitchens have a handy shelf intended for books of household reference. In actual fact, it often degenerates into a clutter of drawing-pins, elastic bands, a box of matches and the toy car which should be in the toy cupboard.

But the idea of having a good, comprehensive home reference library in the kitchen is a sound one. The selection of these books will, of course, depend on one's special interests and abilities ; on the type of people who make up the rest of the household, and on whether the home is a house or flat.

That is why I would divide the ideal Home Reference Library into two sections : ONE—essential books for every kind of home, and TWO, those which bear upon one's special needs.

These two sections can be sub-divided again into expensive and not-so-expensive books, depending on whether you prefer the really comprehensive volume which covers the subject in detail or the handy-size volume which condenses the facts for easy reference.

In choosing between the two, it is as well to remember that the comprehensive books, though more costly at the start, do in fact cover the ground as well and perhaps better than a number of smaller and cheaper books.

THE best-known of the " tomes," of course, is *Mrs. Beeton's Household-Management* (Ward Lock ; 35s.). A new edition, brought very much up-to-date, has recently been published. You must forget all the jokes you ever heard about young Mrs. Beeton's extravagance. It is still the best cookery book published in English, and the revised edition brings it into line with present needs. This book deals with every other household subject, as well as cooking. (In case you 're interested, to-day's " Mrs. Beeton " is a team of experts—twelve to fifteen of them.)

If you still prefer a change from Mrs. Beeton, there is an excellent and comprehensive all-rounder, *The Book of Good Housekeeping*, published by the Good Housekeeping Institute at 30s. This useful book covers the hundred-and-one aspects of home management from simple plumbing to dressmaking and first-aid. Combine it with the same publisher's *Popular Cookery* (6s.), and you are pretty well covered.

Everybody's Family Doctor (Odham's Press ; 8s. 6d.) should be in your home reference library whether there are children in the family or not. With a book of this sort at hand one need never be in doubt, we 'll say, about how to apply a cold compress, and you can always enjoy the fun and take the risk of being your own diagnostician !

As a home must be good to look at as well as clean and comfortable, I put *Interior Decorating*, by Duncan Miller (Studio Publications ; 12s. 6d.), among the essential books. It takes time and experience, trial and error to learn such facts as why, for instance, some materials look better with oak than with walnut : how furniture should be arranged to the advantage of comfort and to please the eye.

Few of us have the opportunity to learn from much practical experience, which is where the book comes in.

A more expensive book which deals more widely with the same subject is *Home-Making*, by Julia Cairns (Waverley Book Co. ; 35s.). This is a book which does not date because it deals with the essentials, such as how to distinguish one type of antique furniture from another.

WHEN we come to books for specific personal needs the first to mention are the ones about children : *The Care of Young Babies*, by Dr. John Gibbens (Churchill ; 5s.), and *Troubles of Children and Parents*, by Susan Isaacs (Methuen ; 8s. 6d.), deal with both sides of bringing up a baby—the practical, nappy-changing side, and the " what to do when he 's in a tantrum " side.

If you 're hoping for children but haven't yet got them, add *The Birth of a Child*, by Grantley Dick Read (Faber ; 5s.), to your library. And looking ahead to the time when the children will need books of their own, buy *Four to Fourteen*, compiled by (*Continued on page* 86)

Painter's Primer

This may not be the first season you have tackled your own home decorating, but if your efforts in the past have fallen at all below expectations, this brief summary of proceedings might suggest where the shortcomings lay

THE preparation of the wall or woodwork to be painted is an all-important preliminary and usually proves to be the harder part of the job. But it is time and effort well spent. The better the surface, the more professional the final job will be.

Wood, and all other surfaces to be repainted, should be washed down with soap or detergent and water, or if the surface is very dirty, with sugar soap. Cracks and holes must be filled in with putty or plastic wood and allowed to dry out thoroughly. Sandpaper over the surface and dust down, preferably with a brush, before painting begins.

It is always wise to wash off old distemper before applying the new, to prevent cracking and peeling. Cracks and holes in ceilings and walls should be filled with Keene's cement.

NOW you can start painting. Start with the highest parts, proceeding to doors, windows, mantelpiece and cupboards (if any) and lastly the skirting board. The diagram right will show the procedure for painting doors and windows. A shield of cardboard or tin to help get a clean, neat edge around window mouldings, etc., saves time and mess. Wipe up spots with a damp rag as you go along. They are difficult to remove from the floor when they are dry.

If the new paint is not darker than the old, and approximately the same colour, and in fair condition, you may get away with only one coat. But if you are making a radical change of colour, or making it much lighter, one or two undercoats may be needed to cover the dark under surface.

STIR the paint well, and stir it often as you paint, with clean sticks or a skewer, getting well down to the bottom of the tin. The consistency of paint varies between manufacturer's brands. Those which are designed for home use—and many are—are inclined to spread more easily, which is an advantage, but if you find the paint of a heavy consistency, be cautious about thinning, especially with a varnish paint. Turps reduces the gloss and, to some extent, the hardness of the finished surface.

The painting motion is a light wrist movement. The work is less tiring if you limit movement to the hand.

Dip the brush into the paint half-way down the bristles, and smooth off drips against the side of the tin. Avoid getting too much paint on the brush. Then paint in three movements. Up and down in sweeps with the grain. Then across the grain, and finally *with* the grain. These last sweeps smooth the surface, and should be done with feather-light movements.

If you are doing more than one coat, let the first dry thoroughly, and sandpaper very lightly before attempting the next coat.

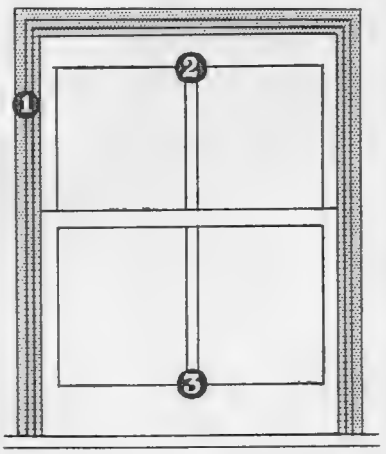
DISTEMPERING is, on the whole, a simpler job, partly because a wider brush is used and less precision is called for. Quick work is best. As with paint, you must keep stirring.

Follow the maker's directions faithfully as to the quantity of liquid to be added to the basic mixture. Peeling, which sometimes occurs with the amateur job, is often due to a too heavy mixture. A watery one, on the other hand, is transparent and shows the brush marks. Aim at a creamy consistency.

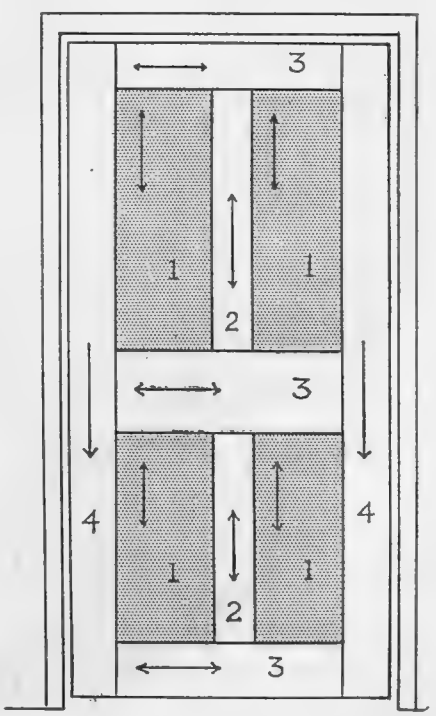
Start by the window and work away from it. This has two advantages: you get the best light and, as the wall each side of the window is darker than the others, you get a chance to improve your touch before reaching the wall facing the window, which will show up the quality of your work.

AS far as possible, work at the level of the elbow. Start at the top of the wall and work down to the skirting board, in a strip about a yard wide. Dip the brush in the distemper about half-way down the bristles. Start with horizontal sweeps and work subsequently in all directions. Finish with a very light sweeping movement from side to side, keeping the edges a bit jagged.

Start on the next strip before the edges are dry, or the joins will show. If you cannot cover a whole room in one operation, finish a wall, at least. A second coat must wait until the first is absolutely dry. If you still have difficulty in getting a smooth surface without brush marks, invest in a stippling brush and dab with it over the still wet surface of the wall as you complete each small section.



In painting a window, the mouldings are covered first, and the upper window is finished before the lower one, making it possible to move the latter without touching any newly painted area. The procedure for painting a door is shown below. Start with the inner panels (1), proceed to the centre uprights (2), the cross pieces (3) and the top of the door next, and finally the outer uprights (4) in that order.



The Cult of the Corsage

A FLOWER in the hair, a spray on the bodice, a gardenia in the buttonhole are the insignia of a festive date. Flowers worn give the ultimate touch of gaiety, the final note of luxury to the ensemble. The cult of the corsage is widespread, but do we use this essentially feminine and flattering accessory of the wardrobe to the best purpose?

We drop into the florist at the last moment to pick up a couple of carnations because we "must wear some flowers." Without any disparagement of that sweet scented blossom, it does seem a pity not to exploit all those other exciting possibilities from the world of flowers.

The relationship of the corsage to the clothes worn is a matter for study in itself. The shape and size, the colour and texture, the "mood" of the occasion are all important. Like jewellery, gloves and hats, the corsage is an integral part of the ensemble.

WITH a suit, or a tailored dress, flowers should be small and shapely, "tailored" to complement the slick outline. One gardenia in the buttonhole of a neat black suit gives life and colour where roses, trailing with fern, are as inappropriate as fussy jewellery. On the other hand a coat, more generously proportioned, will take one large flower on the lapel if the collar-line is neat.

A simple black dress asks for the relief of a gay corsage. The simpler the outline of the dress, the more essential it is that the shape of the posy should be clearly defined. Christmas roses (illustrated at the top of the page) have a clear, waxlike purity of outline. They are an original and inexpensive alternative to the more hackneyed species.

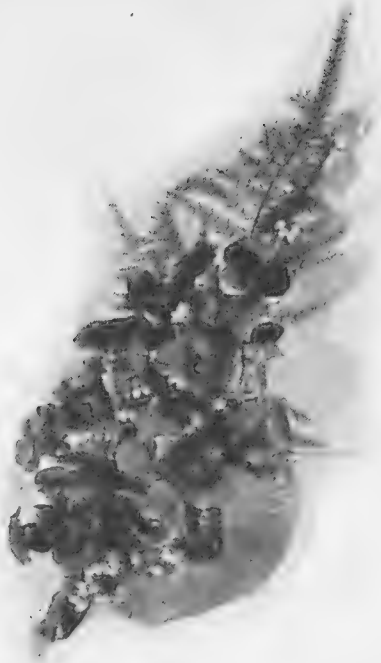
FOR evening wear we can, of course, be more exotic. Gleaming shoulders and the lustre of silk give the cue for exciting mixtures of colour and form. If the neck and shoulders of the gown are draped and ornamented, pin your flowers at the waistline. If the bodice is topless instruct the florist to make a long, narrow-shaped corsage to adorn the hard line between bodice and skin, which can be so unbecoming unless the wearer is perfectly proportioned.

Mix your flowers with imagination. Use cypripedium orchids (the small ones) with lilies of the valley for a long corsage. Orchids are not the most expensive flowers for they last longer than any.

A strapped dress can have one strap completely covered with anemones made the exact width of the strap with very little fern.

FOR a high-neck dress a neckline of single blooms fashioned to the shape of the neck with pointed fern at either end and no stalks showing is an enchanting conceit. Freesia, or pale mauve hyacinth pips with white or pink heather, are lovely, too.

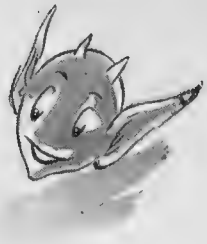
Violets with pink heather, grape hyacinths and violets together make a heavenly and colourful union. Try some new combinations of your own. It is an exciting and rewarding game to play.



For this lovely, floating ball dress, a corsage was composed of lilies of the valley, cyprepedium orchids and a little fern. These orchids are the small, brown variety, which wear so well and look as crisp at the end of the evening as at the beginning. The arrangement of the blooms can be seen in the close-up, below, while the detail, right, shows how perfectly the line of the corsage follows and complements the design of the dress. The dress was kindly lent by Fenwicks of Bond Street.

Christmas roses make the unusual, but all the more striking corsage on the opposite page, the white waxy petals acting as a perfect foil for black or any dark colours. The arrangement of pink heather and violets, above, is intended for wear with pink or grey, or the fashionable violet. Flower arrangements are by Interflora.

But Is It What You Fear?



THE bogy of ill-health is a very real one to many of us. In a fleeting mood of depression or fatigue, it is easy to magnify symptoms into the forebodings of some serious complaint. Happily, the bogy usually disappears under the influence of a little common sense when the mood departs.

Even so, some people are never quite able to free themselves from the doubt that some day, somehow, their worst fears about their health will be confirmed. With little or no knowledge of the real nature of the disease which they most fear, they tot up a few physical symptoms, which in their anxiety approximates to a diagnosis. But without being a hypochondriac, an over-anxious person can suffer many needless hours of worry which common sense and a few reassuring facts might dispel.

THERE are many conditions of the heart, for example, which, although not "normal" in lay terms, are quite normal in the medical sense of the word. Palpitations, flutterings and "missing a beat" are no indication of cardiac disease in themselves. Palpitation is a natural reaction of the heart to demands put upon the circulation by exertion or even the process of digestion. As for "missing a beat," many people do not know that there is a slight variation in the cardiac rhythm with the inspiration and expiration of breathing. The jump that is called a "missed beat" occurs when the mechanism of the heart catches up in the breathing. Even pain round the heart, in an otherwise healthy person, is more often than not indigestion or rheumatism, not the heart disease we fear.

To base a fear of heart disease on any one of these symptoms alone, is obviously unreasonable and one visit to a doctor may well be enough to put such morbid fears quite out of mind.

WHEN health worries arise from any physical symptoms, even if it is only palpitations, the best way of securing peace of mind is to consult a doctor. A cardiogram or an X-ray will dispose of fears and doubts more quickly than anything else. One of the great advantages of living in this age of science is that there are now many and wondrous ways of detecting and preventing illness in its earliest stages. To take advantage of modern medical amenities, such as the Mass Radiography Unit for the detection of pulmonary tuberculosis, is the common-sense approach to health.

A HEALTH worry which is not founded on any physical condition is a much more difficult state of mind to combat, and although an outsider may pooh-pooh such unfounded anxieties as "unreasonable" they are none the less real to the unfortunate sufferer. A secret dread of cancer, for instance, can be very real to someone, although in perfect health herself, who knows that "it is in the family." It may be of considerable comfort to realize that medical research has not yet proved any hereditary factor in cancer, nor has it agreed that there is even an hereditary *tendency* to it. This knowledge, plus the common-sense conviction that worrying won't help, will go a long way towards scotching this particular bogy.

WORRYING over an illness that will probably never happen, is not only a threat to one's peace of mind, but it can also have repercussions on the health, too. While it may not be true that one can worry oneself into any specific complaint, the mental factor plays a very important part in physical well-being. Everyone knows the story of the over-cosseted child who falls victim to every passing infection, while the child who runs the normal risks of infection builds up a resistance against them. Much the same thing applies to adults, too. With a sensible regard for the care of the body, and a common-sense attitude towards health in the present, there is no justification for bogyman fears of ill health in the future.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Beauty With A Cold

ACCEPTING the common cold as the bitterest enemy of glamour, how can the worst ravages—the red-rimmed eyes and the parched skin—be prevented, or at best camouflaged?

Any fever, however slight, will leave the skin sensitive, dry and fatigued. Avoid the temptation to use shock tactics with strong astringents, very hot or very cold water or any other form of strong stimulant. All skins after a cold should be treated as sensitive ones, even if normally they may be very oily, and given the most gentle of care.

During and after a cold it is wise to avoid the use of soap and water altogether on the face, which will only tend to dry out the complexion still further. Instead, use a creamy skin lotion, preferably one which combines cleansing with nourishing properties. This will help to put back into the skin some of the lubricant which has dried out with the rise in the body's temperature. For nightly massage, choose a light-textured cream which can be easily absorbed by the parched tissues, such as a sensitive skin cream which has recently been evolved for all skins which are dry and in bad condition after illness. It can even be applied in a thin film as a make-up foundation while the infection is at its height to prevent the scaling and cracking of the skin which usually follows a cold.

By feeding the skin in this way, the worst aftermaths can be prevented. But a special date in the convalescent stages calls for a special toning treatment and make-up to ward off those sympathetic "You should have stayed in bed" remarks.

A mild toning treatment begins with cleansing with a creamy skin lotion. A pleasant newcomer of this type is delicately scented with roses. Follow with a mild non-astringent skin tonic. The eyes should now be bathed with an eye lotion to soothe away inflammation.

Now smooth on a very thin film of sensitive-skin cream, and over this an application of Masque Frappé. The masque will tone and firm the tissues, while the underlayer of cream will prevent it from overstimulating the still sensitive skin.

Finally, place eye pads on your closed lids and lie down, with the feet raised on a pillow, for about a quarter of an hour. Then when the eye pads are removed, the masque has been gently sponged off with cotton-wool and plenty of lukewarm water, the complexion is revealed smooth and fresh, ready for make-up.

A CREAM type foundation will probably be more soothing and give a better finish to fever-parched skins. Choose a fairly warm shade that will give a hint of colour to pale cheeks. Use a cream rouge which will blend well under the foundation. Take the (*Continued on page* 86)

Easy Packers

EASTER holidays reintroduce the problem of packing bottles of lotions, and other liquid beauty preparations with safety. The new plastic packaging, already familiar in the form of the Flexi-puff talcum powder container, may solve the problem of the leaking screw cap or the smashed lotion bottle.

Plastic bottles, stronger than glass, flexible and literally unbreakable, to hold toilet liquids and even medicines, are here. When dropped they bounce, if crushed they flatten but never break, and, being feather-light, they are a boon for air travel.

Perfume always presents transport problems to the holiday maker. Up till now the only way of dealing with the perfume bottle has been to keep it under constant vigil in one's handbag but even then it usually mysteriously leaked away, leaving a heavenly fragrance and an empty bottle. A solid perfume stick is, of course, one practical solution to this problem, for the perfume stick cannot spill, leak or evaporate.

For those to whom perfume is not perfume unless it comes out of a bottle, a clever spill-proof dispenser has made its début. A "touch-valve" prevents leakage of the precious fluid until it is stroked on to the skin when a drop of the perfume is released. A jewelled cap protects the valve against accidental knocks. The dispenser is filled with one of three popular perfumes, My Love, Blue Grass or Night and Day.

What To Do With Corned Beef

WE have given recipes using corned beef before but it may be helpful to repeat some less familiar ways of using this standby when the meat ration flags. Personally I prefer corned beef to other "prepared" meat because of its tastiness. Even a small portion can be made into most savoury meals when combined with other foods. This art of mixing foods seems to me the keynote of current cookery. For instance, corned beef, when diced, will enliven a rissotto or salad or, minced, it makes a good filling for pancakes, vol-au-vents, pastry and suet rolls and so on. To make these fillings more interesting one can add such things as fried onions, mushrooms, baked beans, sweet corn, vegetables, ketchups or wine-flavoured sauce. Corned beef combines well with scraps of other left-over meat and sausage meat or as a flavouring to some of the nut preparations obtainable for making rissoles, etc. This meat mould is decorative and delicious.

CORNED BEEF FRICANDELLE

Ingredients: ½ lb. minced corned beef; ¼ lb. fried, chopped mushrooms; 2 oz. minced ham or sausage; 4 oz. fresh breadcrumbs; ¾ pint thickened brown gravy, flavoured with a wineglassful cider; 1 small onion sliced and fried with mushrooms; dessertspoonful chopped parsley; pinch ground mace; salt and pepper.

Well grease a soufflé dish. Make a pattern on the bottom with fancy shapes of carrot, tomato, beetroot, stuffed olives. Mix together all ingredients with a gill of gravy. Press well into the dish. Cover and steam 1 hour. Turn out. Serve with rest of gravy and chipped potatoes. A few cooked vegetables can be substituted for some of the meat.

BOUCHÉES

Ingredients: 2 tablespoonfuls flaked corned beef; 1 hard boiled egg; seasoning; 2 tablespoonfuls top of the milk; 2 tablespoonfuls mashed potato; 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese; ½ lb. flaky pastry.

Chop egg finely and mix with corned beef and milk. Season. Line patty tins with pastry. Half-fill with mixture. Put a swirl of potato on top of each; sprinkle with cheese. Bake in quick oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F. for 8 to 10 minutes.

HASTY-TASTY PIE

Cover the bottom of a pie-dish with a layer of flaked corned beef, creamed with a little gravy and a few cooked vegetables such as celery, carrot or peas. Cover with a small tin beans in tomato sauce. Fry and cut in small pieces 2 rashers of bacon. Lay on top of beans. Cover with mashed potato; dab with margarine. Heat through in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. till browned on top.

CORNED BEEF CURRY CAKES

Ingredients: ½ pint frying batter; about 4 oz. corned beef; 3 oz. boiled rice; 1 sour apple; tablespoonful sultanas; 1 dessertspoonful (*Continued on page* 88)

CORNED BEEF FRICANDELLE

THE VERSATILE ORANGE

By Harriet Muir

CHAUDFROID CROQUETTES

DISH of the MONTH

COD, being considered the least delectable of fishes, was allowed for Lent and fasting; yet the monks of old who were masterly cooks would have produced more palatable fish even for Lent than the wet, insipid cod we are all familiar with. Even if cod is to be served unadorned one can steam, not boil, it, and keep the flesh firm and dry and accompany it with well-seasoned white sauce with definite flavour such as lemon and sweet herbs, fennel and parsley.

To embellish cod use a tasty stuffing or sauce containing an onion sliced and fried, a few shrimps or anchovy essence, lemon and an ounce of grated cheese.

The following recipe provides a bacon flavour without encroaching on the ration.

Remove the bone from cod steaks. Fill centres with stuffing made with 3 oz. crumbs, a few chopped cooked mushrooms, 1 tablespoonful cheese, 1 sliced tomato. Moisten with ham stock.

Lay steaks in a well-greased fireproof dish. Pour over a gill of white wine or cider and water (in equal parts), sprinkle steaks with finely-chopped chives and parsley. Cover with well-greased paper. Bake for 30 minutes, Regulo 5 or 350 deg. F. Serve with white sauce made with a gill of ham stock and a gill of milk.

Oranges are versatile fruits, making tempting lunch and dinner sweets and savouries, cakes, sauces and salads. In spring, their valuable vitamins help to build up vitality and fill in many gaps when other fresh fruit and vegetables are limited

CHAUDFROID CROQUETTES (with orange salads)

Ingredients: About ½ lb. of cooked duck, rabbit or game minced; 3 oz. breadcrumbs; 1 egg or a tablespoonful thick white sauce; 1 oz. margarine; seasoning; chaudfroid sauce.

Method: Soak crumbs in a little milk for a few minutes. Squeeze dry straining away milk, add margarine, melted, meat and egg or sauce. Mix well and shape in floured hands into cutlets. Dust with flour and fry. Drain and leave to cool. Prepare chaudfroid sauce by making ½ pint of thick white sauce; add a gill of melted aspic jelly. Coat cutlets thoroughly with sauce, garnish cutlets with border of parsley. Serve on a bed of shredded cabbage and cold green peas and arrange individual orange salads round the dish. To make salads, cut oranges in half; scoop out inside, remove all pith and pips and cut segments in small pieces. Fill orange cases with finely-shredded cabbage, grapes with pips and skins removed and pieces of orange. Blend with a little salad dressing flavoured with orange juice and a few chopped chives.

CRÊPES AU RHUM

Prepare pancake batter with 1 egg, 4 oz. flour, ½ pint milk; 1 oz. melted margarine mixed in just before using. Peel 2 oranges; divide into segments and cook gently in about a gill of water and 4 oz. loaf sugar, cook till liquid is syrup and oranges tender. Melt enough lard in small frying-pan to make a good covering, and add another knob for each pancake. Make pancakes wafer thin; fill with orange slices, roll up. Sprinkle with sugar and serve with rum syrup.

Rum Syrup: Take a gill of the syrup in which oranges were cooked, adding a little water if needed. Boil up, skim; add ¼ of a gill of rum or a teaspoonful of Rayner's Rum flavouring. Bring to boil.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE

ORANGE CHARLOTTE

Grease and brush with cold water bottom of a soufflé dish or cake tin, line sides with sponge fingers joined with lemon curd. Fill centre with following mixture:

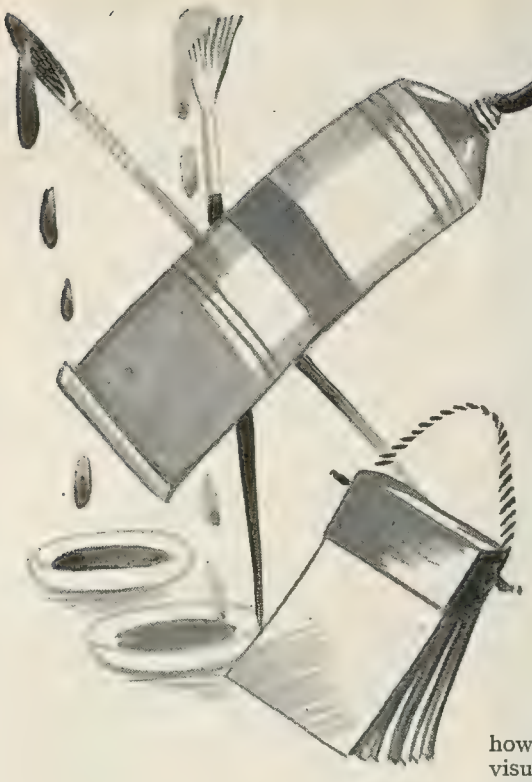
Filling: Heat ¾ pint water and dissolve ¾ oz. gelatine in it and 4 oz. sugar; add juice of 3 oranges. When cool and beginning to set add the well-whisked white of an egg. Whisk till mixture looks spongy and pour into centre.

When set, turn out and decorate top as follows: Peel 2 small oranges and divide into segments, dredge with caster sugar and desiccated coconut with sugar violets.

ORANGE SAUCE (to decorate duck, wild duck or game dishes)

Squeeze juice from 2 Seville oranges; place rinds in pan with water to cover. Boil till tender. Strain and cut into small thin strips; return to pan, pour juice over and a glassful of sherry and a gill of white stock. Bring to boil and simmer for 5 minutes, season with pinch of salt and small pinch Cayenne pepper, strain and serve very hot. (*Continued on page* 88)

Colour Mix-up



An average good sense of colour and the will to experiment makes it possible to achieve distinguished amateur paint jobs

"THE cost of it all" and the urge to brighten up the house a little when spring comes round will find many amateurs surrendering to the brush and paint pot this year.

When you plan a colour scheme of paint or distemper for a room you can do one of two things. That is, give yourself up to the standard shades which appear on the manufacturers' colour card, or indulge your personal tastes and go for colours just a little more subtle and, let's admit it, more exciting. But how to get them? It is one thing to visualize a scheme, we'll say, with duck-egg walls to match your blue-green carpet, but if the shade card doesn't offer the particular delicate hue you picture, what's the answer?

Well, colour mixing is a perfectly possible operation for the amateur. Success is based on a moderate colour sense, a light hand and a little knowledge of the spectrum.

There are three primary colours: blue, red and yellow. These are basic and cannot be produced by the combination of other colours.

Secondary colours, orange, purple and green are each made from a mixture of primary colours. Thus orange is composed of red and yellow, purple of blue and red and green of blue and yellow. Most of us have learned this from our childhood experiments with a paint box. In between these colours there are endless variations and this is where the "eye for colour" distinguishes the exact tone or tint which must be added to the basic mixture to achieve a specific effect.

The average person is said to be able to distinguish over 4,000 different shades. The artist's eye can do more than that. Even so, an average good sense of colour is sufficient to make the mixing of specific shades and tones fascinating and successful.

The secret of success is the delicate touch. An infinitesimal addition of a second colour to a first will produce a very noticeable difference. When you are working in pastel colours, as we mostly are for decorating, a straight pink may be changed to a "sharp" pink by the addition to the paint pot of a brushful or so of clear blue. A clear yellow can be warmed to a golden tone by the smallest possible addition of brown.

Don't on any account be tempted to "pour" one colour into another. Work in teaspoonfuls, not more.

FOR tinting paint you will need oil colour. For distemper dry colour is the thing. Few of the smaller oil and colour dealers keep a stock of these, but some of the larger dealers specialize in them. Tube oil colours can be had from any artists' dealers and one tube is nearly always sufficient to achieve the tone required unless you are working over very large areas; in average circumstances and for lighter tones more than sufficient.

For the amateur it is probably better to buy the paint or distemper most nearly approximating to the colour required and to add dry or oil colour. To start with white and work up from there is a little too much for a beginning.

LET us suppose that you want to colour your walls in a warm peach pink that so perfectly enhances brown furnishings. Buy the requisite quantity of clear pastel pink paint or distemper, then visualize the particular brown tint which will give it the exact hue. You may decide that it is terra-cotta—that rich tone which is more red than brown. A few brushfuls of this well stirred into the pale pink will do the trick. On the other hand you may be aiming for a delicate shade of lime green. In this case choose the nearest standard shade of clear green (avoid the ones with a blue tint) and add a little yellow. You may find it necessary to take a darker toned paint for your basic colour than you need, in which case you must first lighten it with white.

It is simpler on the whole for the amateur to bring a dark colour to a lighter shade than the reverse. Bear in mind also that in mixing one paint with another unless you are using tube or dry colours it is advisable to use the same make of paint.

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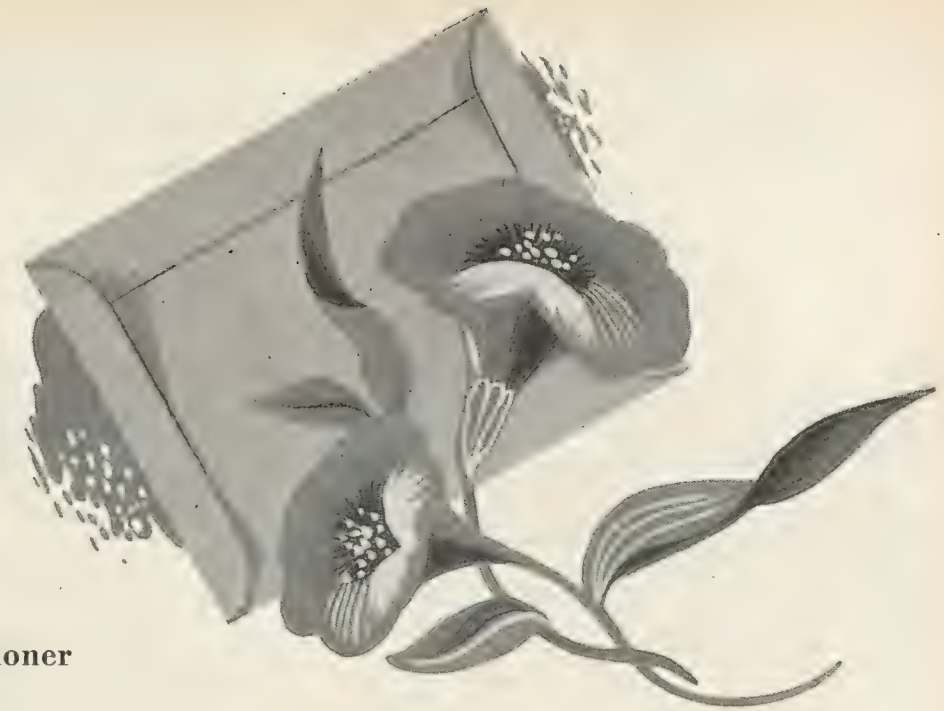
Success With Seeds



By
Ernest Chaloner
F.R.H.S.

THE sentimental gardener could shed many tears over the millions of fine seeds that perish at birth every springtime in amateurs' gardens. Even amateurs have resigned themselves to this ghastly casualty list. They say: "Well, I shall sow these here. Goodness knows if they will come up!" knowing as they chuck them into the ground that it is a glorious gamble. Sometimes a sudden blaze of flowers appears, and the gamble was worth it. But it needn't be a gamble if the simple rules are followed.

Initial mistakes in the choice of seeds begin the trouble. Flower or vegetable seeds not tough enough to begin life in ordinary soil, and needing special compost boxes in greenhouse heat, cannot hope to flourish.

The way to overcome this is to buy only hardy annuals; that is, the seeds that, sown this spring in ordinary soil, will blossom this summer. There is such a wide variety of these that full flower beds can always be enjoyed.

Inexperienced gardeners too often scatter flower seeds too thickly. The very small seedlings which result are difficult to thin out. There is not enough food in that patch to feed them all. They are overcrowded and start life undernourished. Very thin sowing and wise thinning out overcome this.

Most of these seeds are small and delicate (except those like sweet peas, sunflowers and nasturtiums), and if the ground is rough with weed and stone they cannot push through it.

The seed patch, or line, of earth must be very carefully prepared, raked over many times, made into really fine tilth, and when the seeds are sown they must be covered with a very fine layer of soil or sand.

The bed has to be made wet *before* they go in. If heavily watered afterwards they may be washed away.

Still more important, the bed must be flat and smooth. If it is too rough the little seeds fall into holes, too deep to germinate. Then, after all these setbacks, along come the birds to feed on the seeds. Small nets, black cotton, crossed and recrossed on little sticks, short twigs spread over the seeds, strips of bright metal on cords, that tinkle and twinkle in breezy weather, an intelligent cat or two—either of these will solve the problem. But generally if the seeds are properly covered with soil or sand, this worry does not arise.

IF the weather is dry a fine rose-fitted watering-can should be used. A spray that produces a "mist" is still better.

Disappointment often follows the sowing of biennials, instead of annuals. These generally flower two years after sowing, like wallflowers, sweet williams, and various stocks. The same thing happens with most perennial seeds.

When we turn to the seed packets we have a choice from sunflowers, 9 ft. high, to Virginia stock, 5 ins. The new scented and double-flowered nasturtiums are very attractive, either dwarf or climbing, and flower better in poor soil.

BLUE flowers seem to give an original note of colour to a garden, if grouped with taste; apart from cornflower there are nemophila (6 ins.), phacelia, anchusa (Blue Bird), and love-in-a-mist.

Candytuft, sweet sultan and clarkia, in a wide range of colours, are good cutting flowers. So are the two varieties of eschscholtzia (Californinian poppy), 1 ft. high, in carmine to white and orange; salpiglossis and Shirley poppies (30 ins.), with double flowers in many colours.

Buy seeds from a seedsman with a reputation. They cost a little more, but *flowers* are the reward!

It's An Old Wives' Tale

Environment And The Unborn Child

Dr. Rose May, M.D., Explodes Some Of The Superstitions About Pre-Natal Influences

THE story of the world's birth is unfolded in the book of Genesis, "genesis" being the ancient Greek word for "The Beginning." Since the time Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood man has had a fairly good idea of how he was physically built, but until the dawn of this century he knew very little about his actual development. Why some people and their children should be either tall or short, dark or fair, temperamental or placid, was shrouded in mystery. A new branch of science has been discovered which deals with the fundamental laws governing the heredity of all living things. This new learning is called the science of genetics, or science of origins, and it has exploded the myths surrounding pre-natal influence and eradicated superstitions attached to controlling the appearance, character and attributes of the unborn child.

Legal inheritance implies the acquisition of material wealth handed down from father to son, biological inheritance means the physical and mental traits people acquire through their ancestors. Property can be taken away from its owner but individual characteristics derived from parents or more remote forbears can never be entirely suppressed. In 1866 an Augustinian monk, Gregor Mendel, was the first scientist to suspect that distinctive features were transmitted through the generations, and he studied the subject by cross-breeding various types of sweet peas.

From his observations he formulated his famous Mendelian laws on heredity and there is indisputable evidence of their application to the whole range of living organisms from bacteria to man himself.

Special breeds of mice are now used in research of this kind, and workers can mathematically assess with a fair amount of accuracy the colours of future mouse broods, in which generation inborn traits may be absent or present and in fact many details likely to relate to each new mouse litter.

Genetics is becoming an exact science and provided human parents can give an accurate account of their family tree with the talents and skills, distinctive characteristics and uncommon diseases of its members over several generations, the scientist can work out what chance unborn children will have of inheriting, amongst other traits, red or black hair, blue or brown eyes, musical or literary bents, colour blindness or perfect sight and other inborn disorders occasionally appearing in this particular clan.

THERE has always been a widespread belief that parental activities could, in some inexplicable manner effect the child developing in the womb. Up to a point this idea is correct, but science shows that pre-natal influences act very differently from the superstitious and completely unfounded theories which have been taken for granted in the past. The fallacies relating to pre-natal impressions were accepted so generally that they were frequently expressed in the popular literature of the day. One hundred years ago Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his famous novel *Elsie Venner* in which he gave his heroine a snake-like character because her mother had been bitten by a snake during pregnancy. In the light of modern biological knowledge such an idea is ludicrous, yet this and similar suppositions are still dying a hard death. There is no shadow of doubt that any external peculiarities the baby possesses were present in the egg cell from the second he was conceived and are not due to the fact that his mother was frightened by a mouse, or any other unpleasant sight; or that she had a craving for strawberries and olives.

ANOTHER prevailing illusion in which there is not an iota of truth is that the unborn child may be endowed with artistic talents if his mother listens to lovely music, studies delightful pictures and scenery, and dwells only on beautiful thoughts. By these efforts she has unfortunately no more chance of creating a musician, artist or poet then if she spent her time scrubbing the sink, blacking the grate or peeling potatoes. Special gifts, in just the same way as physical attributes and abnormalities, must have existed somewhere in the family history and have been carried in the parents' reproductive cells even though they had skipped expression through several generations.

Yet the infant's development in the womb can be profoundly affected by environmental conditions which leave a permanent mark. To understand how these happen it is necessary to have a clear picture of the growth of a single fertilized egg until it becomes a miniature human being. As soon as it is conceived the egg, now called the embryo and later the foetus, is an entirely separate being, attached to the womb by the placenta. The placenta is a spongy, disc-like structure consisting of a mass of maternal and foetal blood-vessels, and it is the only physical point of contact between the mother and her child. The embryo is surrounded by its own protective envelope, it manufactures its own blood and receives none from the mother. Its waste products are carried by the blood-vessels (*Continued on page* 86)

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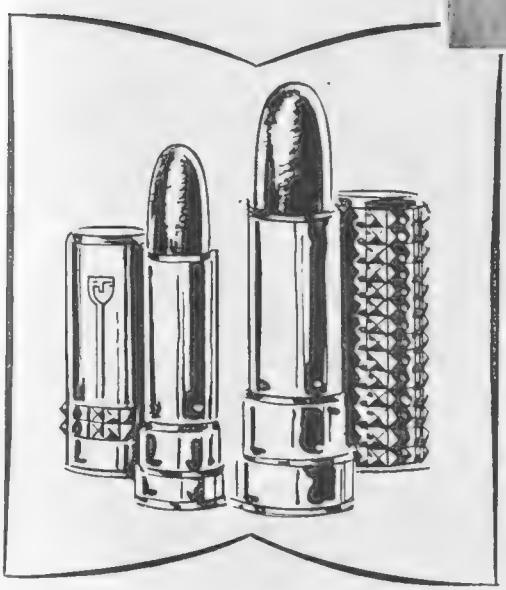

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The electrification of the Paris-Dijon line has knocked an hour off the old timetable. Travelling at an average speed of 77 m.p.h., the Paris-Lyons high speed rapide, hauled by its 4,880 h.p. electric locomotive, covers the 196 miles between Paris and Dijon in 2 hrs. 32 mins. and arrives with stopwatch precision.

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. . . and so to bed. These 1st class couchette passengers can look forward to a night's travel in comfort.

Night travel on French Railways has been improved considerably during the past two years by the introduction of more couchettes and sleeping cars. During 1949 for example 124 First class and 61 Second class couchette services were run every night. In 1950 this figure was increased to 230 First class and 124 Second class—very nearly double the number! It is hoped in 1951 to increase the figures still more. First class couchettes (4 berths per compartment) or Second class (6 berths) may be reserved, through your Travel Agent, or French Railways Ltd., at 16s. 6d. per berth for any destination in France.

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Holiday makers who are planning a French tour should get to know about the reduced-fare Road-Rail Tickets. These offer a choice of thirty six composite tours—part by rail, part by motor coach—through some of France's most lovely scenery. Fares from London range from as little as £13.8.2 for a 1865 miles tour! Full details and reservations may be obtained from any Travel Agent or from French Railways, 179 Piccadilly, London W.1.

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New lightweight all-metal coaches, now in service on the French Railways, are a pleasure to travel in. They give more space per passenger and ride with a gentler motion. Ventilation is excellent; the air is renewed every four minutes.

GOURMETS' DELIGHT

In France the word Buffet stands for "good food". Many of the railway buffets provide delightful meals featuring the specialities of the province. These special meals comprise four full courses and the price per meal at most buffets is 600 francs, including local wine and tips.

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The Last Word (*Continued from page 27*)

Lord Foyer eyed the crate gloomily. He had been inspecting Jimmy Stevens's last words for ten years.

"It's worth a hundred thousand a year to you," Jimmy said. "I'll let you have it cheap. Full exclusive rights for half a million."

"You can whistle, my poy," said Lord Foyer.

"I'm whistling," said Jimmy, and started to. "The Lass with the Delicate Air."

Foolow lowered the crate on to the desk. Jimmy folded himself into a chair opposite Lord Foyer and grinned at the crate affectionately.

"Warm in there, Brainy Bert?" asked Jimmy of the crate. He turned to Lord Foyer. "That's what I call him. Brainy Bert. You'll see why."

"Warm be damned!" said the crate unexpectedly. "I'm *hot*."

"Sensitive to temperature," explained Jimmy to the startled magnate. "Works best at factory heat. Fifty-five Fahrenheit."

"I'm set at fifty," said the crate. "Anything over fifty——"

"Shut up. Speak when you're spoken to," said Jimmy. "A half-million. Cheap at the price. A prototype model, and there aren't drawings for any more."

"You can take it away," said Lord Foyer. "I've had enough, Jimmy."

"He's had enough, boss," said Foolow. "Well, what d'you know about that?"

Lord Foyer's eye, which was warm and friendly like a cod's, swivelled in Foolow's direction. "I mean it," he said. "This time I mean it."

"Now look what we've done for you, Laz," said Jimmy Stevens persuasively. "We've made you what you are."

"And what am I?" asked Lord Foyer.

"The richest cinevision magnate in the world. The spear-point of Progress."

"And I'm miserable," said Lord Foyer.

Jimmy Stevens stared at him. Jimmy didn't understand misery of that sort. As you Get On, in Jimmy's philosophy, you Get Happier. And Lord Foyer had Got On, in a big way, ever since Jimmy Stevens had first walked into his office that summer morning ten years ago with a parcel under his arm.

In those days, getting past an army of executives and private secretaries was no easy task, but Jimmy was a pushing young man. After an hour's hard fighting, he penetrated to the inner sanctum, and then, as now, put his parcel on the table.

He fixed Laurence Prentiss, as he then was, with a knowing eye. "Now take it easy!" he said. "I'm not asking for a job. I'm giving you something. I'm asking for a chance to put a lot of money in your pocket."

The magnate looked at him coldly. "That's what any back-door salesman says, my poy. Gives you a free tin of floor-polish, and before you know it, you've bought a carpet-cleaner."

"I'm not in that line," said Jimmy. "Let's not waste time. How many theatres have you got under your control?"

"Two hundred and seventy-four."

"Suppose I could show you how to cut your local staffs and make a hundred per cent increase on profits?"

"Couldn't be done, my poy."

Jimmy unwrapped his parcel. He displayed a number of elaborate drawings. He explained that he was an ex backroom boy with no backroom to work in any more, and no kindly Government paying high prices for miracles. He went on to say that there wasn't a single thing electronics couldn't do. He could show him a way to put on two hundred and seventy-four separate programmes in two hundred and seventy-four theatres from a single projection room in London.

"Say your local staffs run to four per house," he said. "That's a thousand and ninety-six redundant workers. Say you pay them ten pounds each a week. That's nearly eleven thousand a week straight into your pocket. And that's money."

The magnate sat up in his chair.

"And that's only the beginning," said Jimmy. "Before we're through, I'm going a whole lot further than that."

AND Jimmy had gone a whole lot further than that.

The change-over took two years and cost a million. But when it was complete, a handful of men in the central projection room pressed buttons, two hundred and seventy-four curtains rolled back from Dundee to Dartmouth, and two hundred and seventy-four screens lighted up to the greater glory and profit of Laurence Prentiss, formerly Lazarus Prentovitch.

After that, as Jimmy said, it was just a matter of time and applied science. By 1952 there were no usherettes in the Mammothian Theatres. A thin pencil of light met you at the door and danced you to a vacant seat. Twelve months later, Jimmy perfected the Electronic Cleaning System. By a miracle of vents and suctions, all self-operating, every Mammothian Theatre was kept surgically clean without being touched by a human hand.

By 1954 you didn't slide your money to a blue-uniformed girl in the box office. You dropped it into a slot and the ticket rolled out. And when the show was over, the cash rattled along pneumatic tubes to the bank. There had been quite a bit of trouble over that, for banks are conservative. But in the end they adopted the idea, and even paid Jimmy a royalty so that the scheme could be extended in other directions. In time, as everybody knows, all the chain stores and big businesses were being invited to Pipe their Cash to the Banks.

Four years from scratch, Jimmy had eliminated the human element from all Mammothian Theatres. At the appointed time the doors opened, the ticket machines started up, the (*Continued on page 60*)

Every Woman

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Many frocks straight from the iron are delightful, then they wilt. But materials marked TEBILIZED stay remarkably fresh in wear. Because they resist creasing they need less washing and ironing. Think of the saving in time and trouble to keep you looking smart. And how fabrics marked TEBILIZED help to lengthen the life of your wardrobe, and make the best use of a small dress budget!

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programme began. There wasn't even a poster artist or a bill-sticker required. Everything was electrically projected on to outside screens.

It was very nice for Lazarus Prentovitch, who became Lord Foyer at about that time.

Next, Jimmy turned his roving eye to the central organization. In no time at all, auto-printers and electronic calculators had displaced the seven hundred clerks and typists in the general offices, and memory-tapes were giving orders that had previously been barked by highly-paid executives. By September, 1957, the vast warren in Worder Street was empty save for Lord Foyer himself and Joe Springer.

Joe was the last man to go. He had been National Controller. A ten thousand a year job.

"I'm sorry, Joe," said Lord Foyer. "But we can't stand in the way of Progress." He had heard that so many times from Jimmy Stevens that he was beginning to believe it.

"No," said Joe. "You can't be expected to when it puts another ten thousand a year in your pocket."

"Now don't take it hard, Joe," said Lord Foyer. "After all, you've been with me since the beginning. I can't let you starve. Jimmy hasn't invented an electronic commissionaire yet. The job's yours, Joe."

"Thanks a lot," said Joe.

"It's not a difficult job," said Lord Foyer. "Just sweep the front steps morning and night, and stand on them the rest of the day looking important."

Joe nodded.

And so Lord Foyer sat in his office, surrounded by his buttons and switches. At certain times he pressed and switched, and things happened in Bristol or Newcastle. The only human element now required was in choosing the type of entertainment suited to various regions and districts. Three mornings a week, therefore, Lord Foyer watched the screen in his office and made his choice. Sex for the West End, saddles and sombreros for Lancashire. Electronics did the rest.

AND now he said he wasn't happy.

"I don't get it," said Jimmy, who had made a few millions on the side and was the happiest man alive. "What's the matter with you, Laz?"

"I remember the old days," said Lord Foyer sadly. "I remember riding in a caravan to a fairground, and putting up the tent. . . . I remember fixing the old crank-handle machines, and going on to the front and bawling 'em in, and then coming back and cranking the machine. Threepence a time. I hadn't even enough money for a drink, but I was happy. I was *happy*, my poy."

"That's what I say. You've been all tied up, Laz. Too much responsibility. That's been on my mind a lot. That's why I've developed Brainy Bert. To take the weight off your shoulders."

"Every time you've come through that door in the last ten years," said Lord Foyer, "it's been to put something else *on* my shoulders. I don't trust you, Jimmy."

"Tell him what it's all about, boss," said Foolow.

Jimmy lit a cigar.

"It's like this, Laz. All this time I've been eliminating the human element. First we sacked a thousand redundant operators and replaced 'em by six men in the Central Projection Room. Then I found a way to put on the whole show automatically and we sacked the six. It's been going that way all the time. When I first blew in, you'd hundreds of trousers and skirts crowding into these offices at nine ack emma every morning, and hundreds of hands held out for pay-packets every Friday night. We've altered all that. We've whittled and pared till there's nobody left but you."

"The king-pin," said Foolow. "The big I Am."

"Now let's follow that process to its logical conclusion," went on Jimmy. "The next thing—funny, but it happens to be the *last* thing as well—is to eliminate *you*."

Lord Foyer stared at him.

"And that's where Brainy Bert comes in."

Lord Foyer looked suspiciously at the crate. The crate said, with a sniff, "Dirty looks don't worry me. I've a thick skin."

"Unpack him," said Jimmy to Foolow.

Foolow took a ratchet screwdriver from his pocket and started to unscrew the wooden slats. Brainy Bert at last stood naked on the desk. He was three feet high and two square. From his crackle-finished sides projected two articulated, spring-balanced limbs fitted with small grabs and padded claws. Somewhere about his middle was a grille through which he talked. Around the upper part of him was a battery of photo-electric cells through which, presumably, he saw. And where his head ought to be was a microphone of curious design.

"I want you to realize," said Jimmy, "that Bert isn't a miracle. He's simply a product of applied science. He can't give out more than you put in. But once he's fed with the necessary data, he can handle it as well as you or I. In fact, a damn' sight better. I taught him to play bridge and now he cheats like a Bath dowager."

"It's a lie," said Brainy Bert dispassionately.

"I've given him memory and judgment," said Jimmy. "Once primed with the right dope, he'll pick the telescreen shows better than you can, Laz."

"I should want a demonstration before I swallowed all this," said Lord Foyer.

"Easy enough to arrange. Let's get down to it, Laz."

He slid back a panel in the region of Brainy Bert's kidneys. "Number and location of all your places, opening times, all financial details. Everything you can think of."

Lord Foyer arranged a stack of box-files on his desk. He did so grudgingly. So he was redundant, was (*Continued on page* 62)

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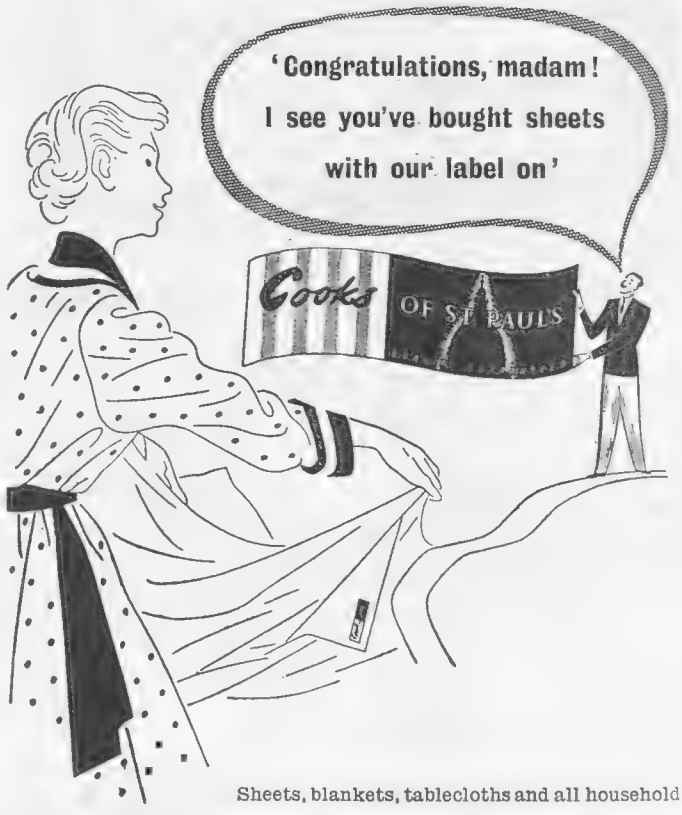

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he? That's what Jimmy thought. But he didn't believe everything Jimmy said. He didn't believe that bit about Brainy Bert having human judgment. You can't build judgment into a machine, thought Lord Foyer. He was going to have a lot of pleasure, proving that to Jimmy.

Meanwhile Jimmy had taken a punching gadget from his pocket. As Lord Foyer read to him the complicated data from his files, Jimmy punched holes in a number of cards. As each card was finished, he slid it into Brainy Bert's kidneys.

Once, curiously, Lord Foyer went to the back of the desk to see what happened to them. They were neatly stacked inside Bert. As Lord Foyer watched, one of the cards flicked out of the pack and a thin pencil of light travelled over it. Presumably Bert was examining it. Anyway, he grunted as though satisfied, and the card slipped back into the pack.

Lord Foyer didn't know what made Brainy Bert grunt. But behind the cards he had a glimpse of valves, hundreds of them no bigger than a cigarette-tip, all glowing and winking.

"We'll need a specimen of your signature, Laz," said Jimmy.

"What for?"

"Bert will have to sign cheques, won't he?"

Lord Foyer hesitated, but finally wrote his signature on one of the cards. As Jimmy was putting it into Brainy Bert's kidneys one of the claws reached out for the card and held it up for inspection to the battery of photo-electric cells. Brainy Bert grunted again, handed the card back, and Jimmy fed it in with the rest.

It took them two hours to give the dope to Bert. When the job was finished, Jimmy glanced at his watch.

"Five to twelve," he said. "Just in time for him to start doing his stuff. Watch him open up for half-past."

They watched.

THE doors of the Mammothian Theatres opened at noon and the programme started half an hour later.

At eleven fifty-nine and a half, one of Brainy Bert's efficient-looking limbs moved tentatively towards the rows of switches on Lord Foyer's desk. A delicate padded claw pushed here and there Certain red lights shone on the wall, indicating that two hundred and seventy-four doors had opened in distant towns. The claw pressed again and more lights flickered. The automatic ticket machines were working. More pushes, more lights; the super-organs were switched on, dispensing gushes of music to the waiting audiences.

And Lord Foyer sighed. He had been disappointed. His confidence was shaken. Down in a South Wales mining town was a Mammothian Theatre that only opened evenings and two matinées a week. He had been hoping that Brainy Bert would push that button along with the rest. Lord Foyer would have had something on Jimmy then. But Brainy Bert hadn't. It would be interesting to see if he came up to scratch and opened up for the matinée at half-past one.

"Well?" said Jimmy.

"I'm thinking," said Lord Foyer.

"You've had it," said Foolow.

"The beauty of it is," said Jimmy, "that Brainy Bert *never* makes mistakes. He can't. And he'll go on working for ten thousand years. There's nothing to break down. He's fitted with a triple set of automatic replacements. He never gets tired either. The way I see it, Laz, your'e finished. It's the last word."

Lord Foyer said nothing. He looked sombrely at Brainy Bert and wondered. He thought of the thousand operators and the seven hundred clerks. He thought of the supervisors and district inspectors. He remembered the way some of them had come into this very office:

"Look, guvnor, you can't do this to me! Why, I built up the old Exacta circuit when there wasn't five pounds in the till. . . ."

Lord Foyer sat thinking. Thinking, and looking at the machine that had made him redundant along with the rest.

But he hadn't any kick coming. Just as Jimmy said, it was the logical conclusion. *The last word.*

He went to the cupboard, where he kept drinks for the executives who were street-sweeping now and the business associates who never called to see him. He found a bottle of beer for Foolow and a bottle of whisky for Jimmy and himself. They drank till one o'clock. Lord Foyer was still watching the machine, watching and hoping.

But just before half-past one, that little padded claw moved slowly to the button that controlled the theatre in South Wales.

Brainy Bert was opening up for the matinée.

Lord Foyer sat in a state of coma. Presently there came from Brainy Bert's throat a series of low grunts and hisses.

"He's thinking," said Jimmy. "He does like that when he's trying to cheat at cards."

"A machine can't think," said Lord Foyer, saying the words with a dry mouth and an unbelieving mind.

He listened to the grunts and hisses.

"Half a million for him, Laz," said Jimmy softly. "Isn't he worth it?"

Lord Foyer didn't answer him, and Jimmy, after a while, decided to walk around for an hour. He knew Laz. He'd come to it. But Laz was getting old. You had to give him a little time to accustom himself to new ideas.

He snicked his fingers at Foolow, and the two of them left the room.

Lord Foyer sat very still, looking at Brainy Bert. He knew that Bert was looking back at him through that battery of cells. And he still grunted and hissed. Lord Foyer began to feel rather frightened. But he still hoped.

He didn't quite know what he hoped for. Perhaps for Brainy Bert to blow up in a comforting flash of valves. Or to make an error of judgment so serious that Jimmy could be told, (*Continued on page 64*)

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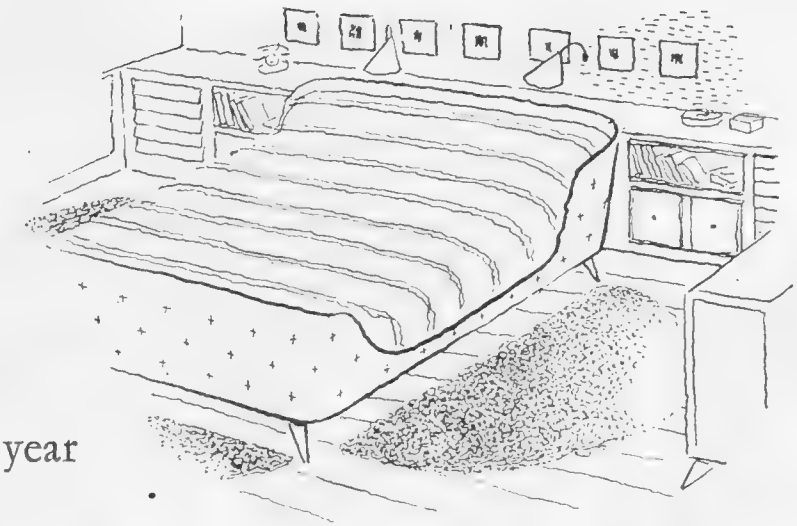

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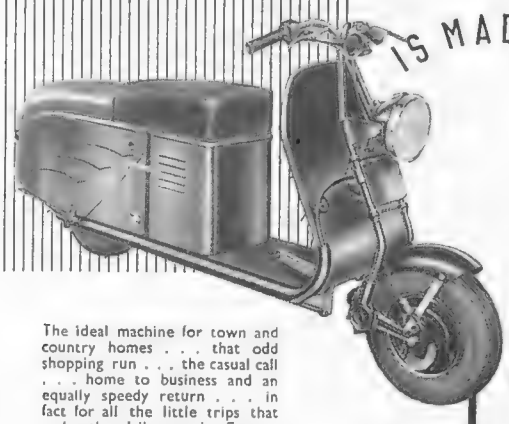

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with justification, to pack Bert in the crate again and take him away.

But what actually happened was something so surprising and terrifying to Lord Foyer that he was never to forget it.

The grunting and hissing grew louder, then the right limb stretched out and the little padded claws waved gently. They moved to the top shelf of the desk and reached for the telephone book.

They turned the pages. One claw moved down the column. The other limb then stretched towards the telephone, and to Lord Foyer's amazement and horror, dialled a number. He watched the telephone book replaced and the receiver lifted towards that microphone on top of Brainy Bert.

"Cinevision Property Sales and Business Agency?" said Brainy Bert. "This is the Mammothian Cinevision Company. Yes, yes. . . . It appears from our records that we have a cinevision theatre in Tonytydfil. Yes. A small mining town. Very useful, no doubt, to a private owner, but an embarrassment so far as we are concerned. . . ."

Lord Foyer opened his mouth and slowly shut it again. He had been thinking that for years. He had lost money on that little theatre, but he hadn't cared to part with it. It was the first he had ever bought, back in the old days when he and Joe Springer had been scraping their first few hundreds together. Back in the days when a man called Tom Mix was all the rage.

Sentiment, of course. . . . But Brainy Bert had no sentiment. He hadn't been fed with any dope about the old days and Joe Springer and Tom Mix.

"Very well," Brainy Bert was saying. "We'll leave everything in your hands. Arrange for the property to be valued and ring me back."

Lord Foyer breathed heavily. Brainy Bert put down the receiver. The limbs folded back to the sides of the crackle-finished box, the little padded claws were still. There was no more grunting and hissing. There was nothing but a low, contented hum; a hum that would go on for ten thousand years, according to Jimmy.

Lord Foyer got up quietly. He reached for his hat and let himself out, closing the door gently behind him. He fancied a ghost of a chuckle followed him into the corridor.

JOE SPRINGER was standing in his blue uniform on the steps. The office workers looking down from their high windows were astonished to see Lord Foyer coming into the street with no Rolls there to meet him, and shocked to see that his tie was loose in his wing collar, that he was hatless and his expression quite wild.

He came down the marble steps and said, loudly, "Joe!"

Joe Springer looked up.

"Joe," said Lord Foyer, "I'm sacked."

"Who's sacked you, Laz?" asked Joe.

Lord Foyer thought that one over. "Progress," he said. "I'm the last one to go, but my turns come this morning."

"So what?" asked Joe. "If you're sacked, what about me?"

"I'm going to lend you some money, Joe. You're going to buy a snug little show down in Tonytydfil and we're going to run it between us. We're going to start all over again. I've only just heard it's up for sale."

"Suits me," said Joe, brightening.

"And if ever you see Jimmy Stevens poking his nose in there, Joe, strangle him and push him in the furnace."

"You bet!" said Joe.

"And now let's go and get drunk, Joe."

"That's an idea," said Joe.

The workers at their high windows did not hear this refinement of conversation, for Worder Street is narrow and noisy. But they saw Lord Foyer and Joe the commissionaire go arm in arm down the pavement, and they gaped.

"The old goon's drunk," they said, but they were wrong.

"Anyway, there's something queer in the wind," they said, and they were dead right.

END

Heirlooms Of The Linen Cupboard (*Continued from page* 43)

this real and living thread are woven beautiful healthy linens. Nearly two years may pass between the sowing of the seed and the finishing of the cloth.

FLAX, from which true linen is always made, is the toughest natural fibre in the world. You need strength to tear linen: it will not rip, like so many fabrics. It is even stronger when wet, which makes it safer at the laundry. You know that if you have an electric iron that for the greatest heat you turn the pointer to "linen."

We hear much about artificial moth-proofing; but linen just naturally will not feed moths, they hate it. An old complaint about it was that it "creased if you looked at it"; but now it is made crease-resistant and has a newly-groomed appearance all the time.

GOOD linen has the æsthetic quality of all fine, enduring things. It is the quality which made our grandmothers so proud of the contents of the linen closet. It expresses the subtle difference between the "real thing" and the substitute. The lovely embroidered linen-and-lace tablecloth photographed on pages 42–43 typifies the best of the craftsmanship which used to be expended upon fine linen. The days of such artistry are gone, but linen that a woman may be proud of is again available. As, for instance, the linen damask tablecloth in the illustration on page 42.

END

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SINCE 1848 it has been the privilege of *Oetzmann and Company, Ltd.*, to furnish a large proportion of the Homes of Englishmen, keeping abreast through ten decades of the changing tastes in furnishing designs.

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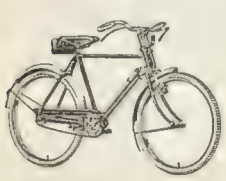

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M57

The Clyde Steamers

(*Continued from page* 15)

closer. Everyone on board each ship was shouting like mad, for it was obviously going to be a neck-to-neck finish. Alas! I must confess that almost at the winning-post *The Lord of the Isles* drew ahead, and how the neighbouring glens re-echoed to the cheers of her passengers, while we on the *Columba* had, perforce, to hold our heads in silent shame! Yet, there was this extenuating circumstance in that the *Columba* had to make a short call at Colintraive Pier to disembark passengers and mail, a handicap from which the other ship was free.

The *Columba* apart from her record length for the Clyde service was the first steel paddle-steamer ever built and the first paddle-steamer to have her top saloon carried right out to the bulwarks.

The MacBrayne steamers operating on the Royal Route to-day are the *Saint Columba*, *King George V* and the *Lochfyne*. The *Saint Columba*, successor to the *Columba* on the Royal Route, was built in 1912 and although twenty-one feet shorter than her predecessor retains the position of being the longest Clyde steamer in service. During the first World War she served as a cross-Channel troop-transport, on one occasion ramming a German submarine, a feat for which her skipper was decorated During the last war she served as a Boom Defence depot ship in the Clyde area.

The *King George V*, built in 1926, has also a very fine war record, including troop service in the Channel and at Dunkirk. At the latter place her captain, chief engineer and bo'sun all earned decorations. After Dunkirk, she became troop tender at Gourock and on one occasion carried Mr. Winston Churchill as a passenger.

The third vessel of the trio, the *Lochfyne*, was the first diesel electric vessel built for service in Britain. During the war she maintained the Royal Route service without a break, allowing her sister ships to proceed on active service.

Pioneering in the building of ships is, of course, a tradition on the Clyde and a number of novel designs have made their first appearance on the Clyde service. There is, for instance, the *King Edward*, the first turbine passenger steamer, which was built by Denny's of Dumbarton in 1901 and is still rendering excellent service to-day, the doyen of the Clyde Coast steamer fleet. She has seen service in both wars and was as far afield as the White Sea where she acted as an ambulance transport. She has a speed of close on twenty knots.

Another historic vessel is the *Talisman*, built in 1935, for she is the first direct acting diesel-electric paddle-vessel in the world and is very economical to work. At the present time, of the fourteen vessels comprising the Clyde Coast steamer fleet (excluding the MacBrayne ships), exactly half are turbines, the remainder being paddle. The latter, it is found, are more suitable for navigation than the former at certain piers.

OLD Clyde steamers sometimes continue their existence elsewhere in the world after a lifetime of service in their original sphere. This is the case with the *Duchess of Rothesay*, built in 1895, which was a very popular vessel on the Clyde. During both wars she rendered excellent service; in the first, having the distinction of towing a German Zeppelin into harbour; while in the last war she was at Dunkirk, after which she served as a minesweeper. Then, at the age of fifty-one, she was sold to Dutch owners and is still, I believe, carrying on to-day, but under another name. Good luck to her!

I feel, too, that another veteran of two wars—the *Waverley*—deserves a salute from ship-lovers, especially as she was lost at Dunkirk in 1940. "With some 800 troops on board," the official record states, "she endured severe bombing and machine-gun attack, during which she claimed two enemy aircraft, before finally getting away. Some twenty miles from the French coast she was again attacked from the air and sunk as a result of a direct hit."

At the start of this article I suggested that the public felt an affection for the wee ships of the Clyde; but for those of us who are in exile from our native land I think it would be no exaggeration to claim that many of us would consider the word love to be more suitable. For there is something about these brave, sturdy vessels—something that makes us when we close our eyes and dream about them feel nostalgic. And what a joy it is just to sit on one of the Clyde piers and listen to the beat of their paddles again.

END

Jester In Black

(*Continued from page* 16)

paradox and his whole life a clash of opposites.

Perhaps his early life explains something of his waywardness. Born in 1713 at Clonmel in Ireland, his father was a wandering army officer, never for long stationed in one garrison, and his mother a shrewish camp-follower, with little evident love for her children. Early instability of background, lack of affection, enforced loneliness—how often these develop into later abnormality or (if one is lucky) into something akin to genius.

The young Sterne was soon involved in the game of pull-devil pull-baker. Despite his awkward, loosely-hanging limbs and ungainly appearance, he had a charm of manner which fascinated the ladies. On the other hand he had a benevolent uncle, Dr. Jacques Sterne, Precentor of York Minster. When, therefore, as a young man of questionable habits, Sterne fell into bad company, it was Uncle Jacques who rescued him. When again, at Cambridge, he fell into debt, it was Uncle Jacques's hand which once more delivered him.

Poor Uncle Jacques. With what a sigh of relief he must have seen Sterne take holy orders. And how brief was his complacence. Soon many a pretty lady in the York of that period began to retire with a flutter behind her fan at the bright-eyed (*Continued on page* 69)

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glance of his amorous nephew. For this witty, debauched young cleric with the hollow cheeks and the brassy cough, already with the finger of death laid on him, was becoming as well known in the eighteenth-century school for scandal as the Minster itself.

Preferring at any time a boudoir intrigue to one concerned with ecclesiastical affairs, this lean, lanky figure stalked like a predatory crow among the chalices and cosmetic jars. With an ardour forgivable in one whose days were numbered, he pursued femininity with more zest than he pursued theology, and was entirely at home in the mannered, dissolute life and society of his time.

Soon it seemed policy for Uncle Jacques to step in again. He obtained for his graceless nephew the vicarage of Sutton-on-Forest. This at a later date he held in plurality with the parish of Stillington, the neighbouring village. Charming villages they are now, but less salubrious then. They dealt a hard sentence on one already menaced by consumption. Just north of York, they lay in marshy land once covered by the Forest of Galtres mentioned by Shakespeare. However, for one incurably amorous, they were within a day's ride of the pleasures of the city.

These Sterne frequently sought among the bright lights and provocative ladies at the Assembly Rooms, at York races, or in the houses within the Minster precincts. Lodging sometimes with Uncle Jacques, sometimes in Stonegate, he would busy himself with flirtations and sermons, these latter always as an afterthought. Whether his voice was musical and seductive in the boudoir is not known, but certainly it lacked the desired pitch and modulation for the pulpit. According to Croft (a contemporary), whenever Sterne preached in the Minster, "half the congregation usually left, as his delivery and voice were so very disagreeable."

At the age of twenty-six he fell in love with Elizabeth Lumley, an orphan with clerical connections, then residing with her maid at lodgings in Little Alice Lane (now College Street), under the shadow of the Minster. To avoid his excessive attentions she withdrew from York, and he promptly occupied her lodgings! These he drenched with unmanly tears, finding his only consolation in Elizabeth's maid, who was (as he wrote Elizabeth) "all attention."

However, the tears and the sentiment were later to be exploited for all they were worth; and Elizabeth herself was repentant to the point of returning and making her own proposal to him in the Assembly Rooms. As a result, and after four years of anguished courtship, they were married in York Minster on March 30, 1741. Mrs. Sterne had obtained a husband already "famed as a wit and a debauchee," he a help-meet who "would not do a wrong thing but would do right things in a very unpleasant manner." Not a very promising combination.

The married couple removed to his deserted vicarage at Sutton-on-Forest. This was a wreck of a place. In the parish register he wrote, after detailing certain normal payments, "Spent in shapeing the rooms, plastering, underdrawing and jobbery—God knows what." Unfortunately, after Sterne's time the entire vicarage was burnt down, but one may still see Sutton Church almost as he knew it, as well as the pulpit from which he often shocked his stolid parishioners.

Not altogether neglectful of his charge, he was nevertheless known once, on his way to church, to spring a covey of partridges, whereat he "returned home for his gun and left the congregation in the lurch." A man of mercurial temperament, erratic and emotional, he dismayed and puzzled his parishioners. He was known for coarse mockery, and orgies of drinking; rode the parish with Rabelais or Cervantes in his hand; kept queer company with the "Demonics" and the hell-fire ritualists of Skelton ("Crazy") Castle. Overlooking these diversions, he wrote "Books, painting, fiddling and shooting were my chief amusements." To these he might have added speculative dairy-farming, fruit growing and chariot-racing on the north Yorkshire seashore.

Through his wife's influence he had become Prebendary of York, and thus deeply involved with the so-called "cathedral set." Next ensued a furious row with Dr. Jacques Sterne, some say over a political pamphlet, others over the doctor's "favourite mistress." Besides the public washing of much dirty Sterne linen, one other outcome of this quarrel was that Sterne ceased to write pamphlets for his uncle and started to write for himself. No doubt his financial losses as a fruit and dairy-farmer also turned his thoughts to literature. "Curse on farming!" he wrote, "Let us see if the pen will not succeed better than the spade." Unable to restrain his natural satirical vein, and having already found a means of scandalous self-expression, he then and there embarked on his immortal *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*.

Forsaken (who knows how justly?) by his wife, imbibing tar-water and sitting up till three in the morning, he wrote at Sutton the first two volumes. These were printed in York opposite St. Martin's Church in Coney Street, on what is now a bombed site, in 1760, and first appeared at John Hinxman's bookshop "at the sign of the Bible" in Stonegate. The book shocked and amused the fashionable literary world of the eighteenth century. Sterne woke up to find himself half-celebrity, half-notoriety—and the recipient of a letter addressed simply to "Tristram Shandy, Europe." He was able to sell the copyright for £600. What dissipations and delights that sum would bring!

Already in 1759 he had fallen in love, more tortuously than usual, with Catherine Fourmantelle, a singer at the Assembly Rooms. Naturally, with this change of fortune, the daily round and the bankrupt dairy-farm of Sutton lured less strongly than did his "dear Kitty" and the lights of London.

Lionized there for a while, Kitty was soon forgotten whilst London continued to laugh with "this indefatigable jester." Tristram (how apt a name!) laughed, too—mordantly, with a fleer at his "vile cough"; and then, stifling his melancholy, up (*Continued on page 70*)

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soared his jesting spirit once more—"I'll lay a guinea I'll be merry as a monkey and forget it all."

In the summer of 1760 came his appointment to the living of Coxwold in Yorkshire, to which "sweet retirement," as he called it, he escorted his temporarily reconciled wife and his daughter. "'Tis a land of plenty," he wrote, "I am as happy as a prince." Converting a cottage into the parsonage, Sterne named it Shandy Hall. An odd, quirkish house it was (and still is), in every way characteristic of its eccentric tenant. Here he lived on all the rich fare of a fertile countryside—"venison, fish and wild-fowl—curds and strawberries and cream—a bottle of wine at my right hand—a hundred hens and chickens about my yard."

In the small ground-floor room of Shandy Hall, he settled down to write the third and all subsequent volumes of the piquant and Rabelaisian *Tristram Shandy*, with all its subtleties of feeling and its searching analysis of the human heart. He wrote feverishly and excitedly, without cessation for long periods. He scattered ink blots and tears of sentiment on his pages, rushed into the village street to snatch fancies and phrases, rushed back to set them down. Even his *Sermons by Yorick*, published in volumes, catch something of his whimsical, impish spirit. The poet Gray said of them, "they show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him tottering on the verge of laughter and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience."

Alas, poor Yorick—he was also tottering on a verge more perilous. Forsaken again by his wife, working "like a disturbed spirit," with only his cat for company, and racked with fearful coughing, he felt the grip of death tighten on him.

But in jaunty defiance he fled again and again from Coxwold to the bright *salons* and coquettish smiles. Trips to Scarborough, London and the Continent failed both to cure him and to depress his mercurial spirit. He travelled, as he said, "like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto & Company—some derangement presses hard upon this machine—still, I think it will not be overset this bout." Returning to Shandy Hall, he would hurl himself again at his writing, in which every stroke of the pen was as precious as his heart-beats.

No doubt to console him in his lonelier and more sentimental moments he had many souvenirs of happier days, cambric handkerchiefs certainly, blue-ribboned letters more likely than not, and his *Journal to Eliza* (Mrs. Draper, the grass-widow of an Anglo-Indian official), with its ardours and outbursts would at least serve to appease his solitary yearnings for *l'amour*.

Only at the cost of racking his body to pieces did he complete his final work, *A Sentimental Journey*. Though written in a death-agony it is as light and sparkling as a bubble of champagne. Poignant, tender, full of humanity and sentiment, yet rippling with subtle laughter, it brought him an international reputation and is one of the immortal works in English literature. Its immense success was the last of his life, for hurrying to London to enjoy the public acclamation, he died at No. 41 Old Bond Street on March 18, 1768.

END

Sleep For A Season

(*Continued from page 20*)

perhaps, coax a stray housefly from its retreat to bumble sleepily against the window-pane. Gnats will leave their hideouts for a brief dance. But only the warmth of spring will bring out the ladybirds and queen bumble bees which, in common with hedgehogs, dormice, bats and hundreds of other species of animals and reptiles, have passed into a state of hibernation; a winter sleep so profound that it often verges on a state of coma. A sleep during which the creature's temperature drops to half normal: all functions of digestion and excretion cease: the heart slows down considerably, the pulse of a bat dropping from 200 to twenty-eight beats a minute. Respiration is so faint as to be almost imperceptible. Hibernating bats have been observed to breathe only once in sixteen minutes; dormice once in thirteen minutes and hedgehogs to cease breathing completely for as long as 22.5 minutes against a normal intake of four to five breaths a minute.

Although hibernating animals get no food during their winter sleep, many begin to prepare well in advance by laying up a store of fat within their own bodies which acts as a non-conducting quilt as well as a food supply. Some creatures have, in fact, a special fat-storage "gland" situated in the chest. The lemur of Madagascar accumulates fat in its tail.

Others, like the black bear, secrete large quantities of fat which are distributed over various parts of the body. It has been claimed that the bear lives through the winter by sucking its paw and through the pores absorbing nutrition from the stored-up fat! Actually the fat is absorbed through the body tissues during the period the bear is in hiding. In fact, if sufficient food can be obtained, the male black bear will remain active throughout the winter, only the female going into hiding, for it is during the winter months that the cubs are born.

An example of the true hibernator is the dormouse which, as readers of *Alice in Wonderland* will remember, is one of the soundest of sleepers: in fact, its very name means the sleeping mouse. Late in September the animal fashions a nest of dried grasses, close-knit and round, into which it crawls, rolls itself into a ball, puts its forepaws against its cheeks, its tail around its head, and goes to sleep for six months.

The hedgehog which sleeps almost as soundly as the dormouse, crawls deep among the dead leaves of a hedgerow, its spines skewering the leaves upon themselves in perfect camouflage. Some creatures bury themselves, like the frog which hides (*Continued on page 72*)

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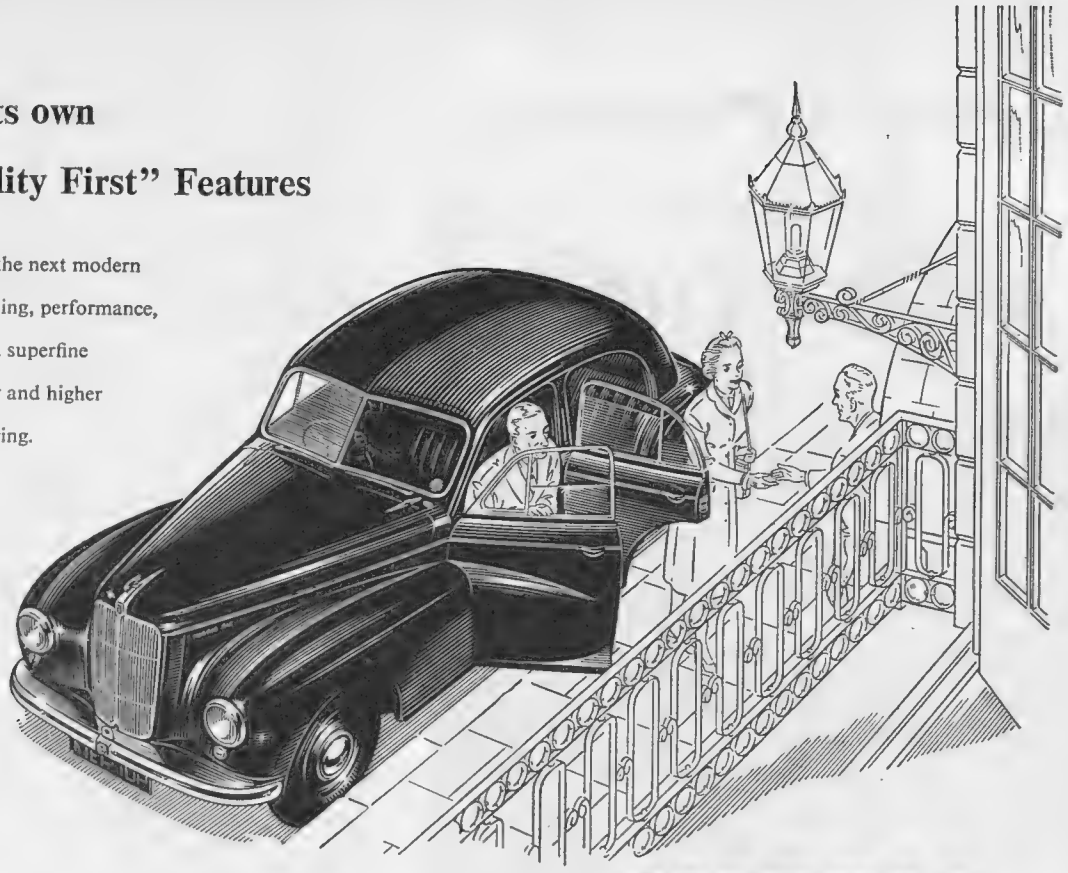

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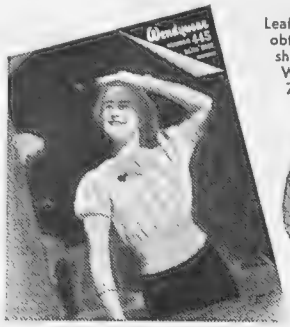

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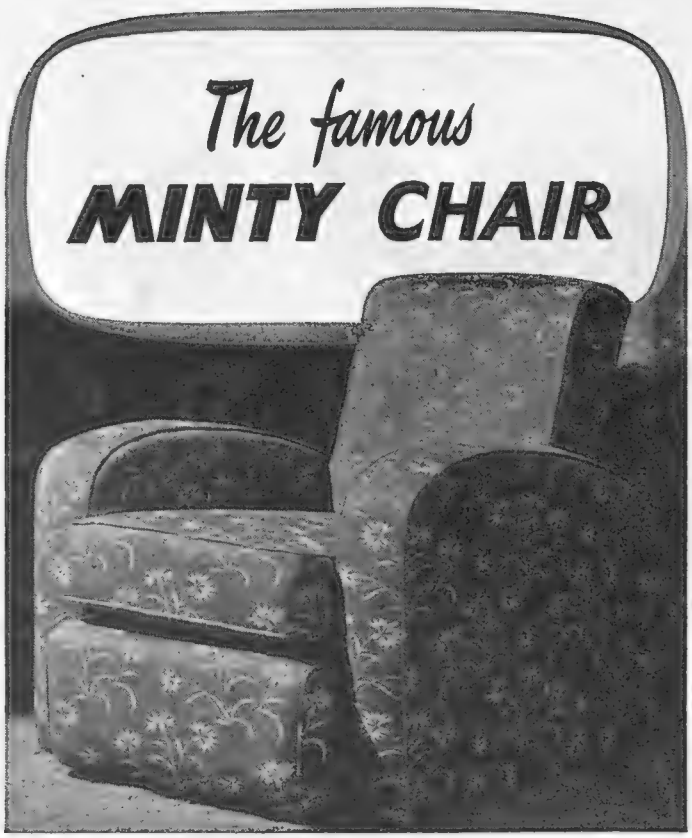

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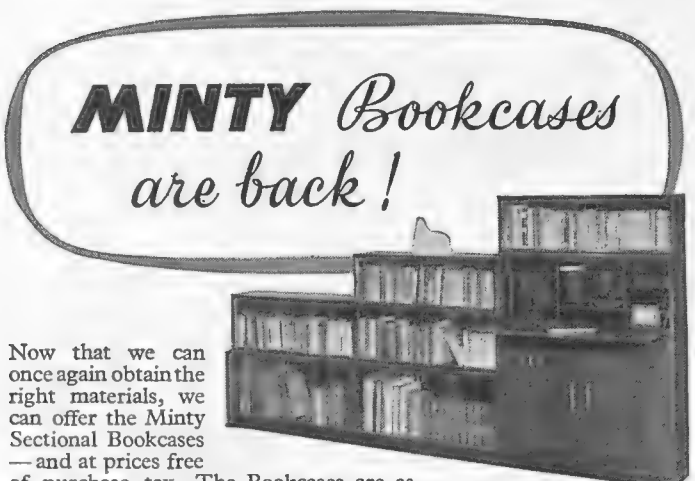

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itself in the mud at the bottom of a pond : and the slug which excavates a nest in the earth, contracts until it is almost spherical and then lies motionless in its retreat of hardened slime. Carp have been known to burrow in the silt of a lake when the surface water is frozen.

Turtles sleep in an earth nest which they scoop out by a side to side rocking motion of their bodies. Gilbert White of Selborne, who owned a pet turtle, held the view that hibernating, on the part of the creature which holds the longevity record among animals, was a shocking waste of time. "When one reflects," he wrote, "on the state of this strange being (the turtle), it is a matter of wonder that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers."

MANY creatures, solitary in summer, are gregarious in hibernation. Adders and grass snakes huddle together in a semi-conscious mass, deep in a rotten log or pile of decaying refuse. Snails creep into the recesses of an old wall, under a board, or inside an upturned flowerpot, sealing the mouth of their shell with a lid of hardened slime, adhering firmly to a solid surface or to the shell of another snail, sometimes forming a pyramid three or four snails high. Colonies of bats hang by their heels, cold and motionless in a church tower or under the roof of a ruined building.

But perhaps the most gregarious of all hibernators is the ladybird. Leading a lonely life in summer, in winter this brightly hued creature can be found in groups often numbering several hundred, and one congregation was reported consisting of 3,000 or so which spent the whole winter on the south side of a gate-post.

In North America, however, ladybirds hibernate in such vast numbers that they have given rise to a thriving industry. With the onset of winter, millions of ladybirds flock to the Sierra Nevada mountains, to winter among the rocks and crevices, often 4,000 feet above sea level. And here the "ladybird prospector" comes to seek them out. One prospector found a mass of beetles estimated to contain more than 750 million individuals. As far as he could dig downwards, the soil was composed of dead beetles and had obviously been a favourite hibernating spot for years.

When a prospector "strikes" a ladybird "mine," the beetles are collected in sacks and boxes, packed in hay to prevent the weight of tiny bodies from crushing one another, and sent to the nearest Department of Agriculture. Here they are maintained in a temperature sufficiently low to retain the state of hibernation.

Then, with the arrival of spring, the ladybirds are dispatched to all parts of the United States to wage war on blight and greenfly, for ladybirds are the sworn enemy of this insect pest. During a single year in the State of Washington alone, more than 100 million beetles were distributed for this purpose, the prescription for blight-ridden fields being two ounces or 3,000 ladybirds per acre.

Scientists puzzled for a long time as to why the masses of beetles did not drown in the spring thawing of the snow. Until tests showed that hibernating ladybirds can remain under water for thirty hours and still survive.

IN experiment, other hibernating creatures have shown a similar tenacity of life and soundness of slumber. A hibernating marmot was once kept in pure carbon dioxide for four hours without apparent ill effect. A bat was submerged for an hour in a bucket of water, and emerged unharmed. A hedgehog survived a twenty-two minute immersion and a hibernating dormouse, curled up in a ball, remained asleep after having been rolled across the floor. Frogs which have just hibernated can stand complete immersion in water for eight times the period which would suffice to drown them during the breeding season.

One naturally wonders why these sleepers ever awake. Some, such as the cold-blooded insects and reptiles, are awakened when the rise in the temperature of the atmosphere raises the temperature of their bodies. Others, particularly those which hibernate because of the failure of their food supply, exhibit a remarkable constancy in the rhythm of their hibernation : thus the marmot, which will hibernate at the autumn equinox and come out exactly at the spring one whether the snow is gone or not.

This applies also to animals which aestivate (hibernate during the summer months in hot countries when their food supply fails). Thus there is a small insect-eating mammal in Madagascar called a tenrec, which sleeps (aestivates) during the hottest weeks of the summer when its insect-food disappears.

It is as if during the course of the ages, the period of sleeping, whether occasioned by heat or cold, has become an ingrained internal rhythm, an instinctive physiological device to overcome the scarcity of food for weeks or months—even for years, as in the case of the African lungfish.

The lungfish, a creature similar in appearance to a yard-long conger eel with a flattened rear end, lives in streams and swamps which often dry up for several months at a time. As the water begins to evaporate the lungfish takes up its position in a mud nest, a small breathing hole its only contact with the outside world, its body-moisture preserved by a Cellophane-like covering of slime which encloses the whole of the fish except its mouth. Its body is supplied with essential food by the absorption of muscle tissue, and its only movement is one breath taken every two hours.

Normally, the onset of the rain would awaken the lungfish by water trickling through the air hole into its mouth. But scientists have kept the fish under scientifically-controlled conditions and have proved that it can aestivate in its mud nest for as long as four years and emerge none the worse. Lungfish have even been sent long distances in their dry mud nests without coming to harm, so profound is their slumber.

END

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The Nomads Of Britain

(*Continued from page* 25)

with smoke rising lazily from a chimney. Madame was hanging out the washing.

Seven-and-sixpence a week my companion pays a farmer for permission to stand the caravan in the field. "Has your caravan always stood there?" I asked.

"Oh no," said my companion, "we started at Chesham; but we like it better here. There are coveys of partridges, rabbits play around us every evening; it's like living an entirely new life!"

SINCE that little talk I have made the acquaintance of more householders on wheels than I can readily count. I wondered how those who do not own cars manage to move from place to place. The answer to that one is easy: up and down the country now are firms who specialize in towing caravans. One-and-sixpence per mile appears to be the standard price for a tow—anywhere. The caravan industry is streamlined and highly competitive; so is the towing side of it. Some firms quote you 1s. 6d. a mile and make it known that this price includes passengers and no charge is made for the towing car's mileage back to base. I was amused to find that a Liverpool firm of caravan manufacturers offers to pay the return fare of any purchaser from any part of the United Kingdom.

Many people in the music hall profession, including those who "top the bill," have adopted the caravan life, going from date to date, a week here a week there and in these days of controls and restrictions are glad to be free of the traditional "theatrical digs" or mediocre hotels. Besides, the ever-increasing cost of railway fares is yet another score for the caravanner.

But although business and professional people are more and more inclined to forsake the traditional travelogues, the caravan builders and those who cater to the caravan trade in general appear to be beaming their activities more on those who want homes of their own—even on wheels—and the Borrow disciples for whom "wind on the heath, brother" is a titivating slogan.

How much does a caravan cost?

Well, it all depends on what you want, just a caravan or something super-luxurious. For example, you can have a small caravan on hire purchase terms for around £220, but you can spend more than £1,000 if you are looking for a mansion on wheels. For about £650 you can find a fairly wide choice of vans; for this sum, about the price of a pre-war medium-sized semi-detached house, you can get something pretty good on wheels—and all ready to live in. All you would need to furnish would be plate, glass and linen.

The sort of home on wheels I have in mind for £650 would be 22 feet long and 7½ feet wide. Its three rooms would sleep four people. At one end there would be a bedroom with a single bed convertible into a double bed. In this room there is a wardrobe and a bedside cabinet. A sliding door gives access to the lounge which has one of those double beds which disappear in the daytime; also two armchairs, two large wardrobes; a heating stove for the winter, a dining table which sits six people, and a large airing cupboard.

A sliding door from the lounge gives access to a reasonably sized kitchen equipped with a cooker, a water tank and a pump, and a ventilated larder. There is a toilet compartment as well as ample space for putting kitchen utensils and crockery.

These homes that move have a whole host of people ready and willing to cater for and even anticipate their whims and wishes. A firm in the Midlands, for example, offers all-in insurance, a towing service, repairs and repainting as well as arranging hire purchase.

THE Nomads of Britain have a club in London, a club which has been in existence for forty-three years, and their own monthly magazine, but all over the United Kingdom more and more caravan centres are springing up and there is a clear-cut tendency towards de-centralization.

These centres have their own rallies which may attract anything from thirty to sixty vans. A usual feature is a dinner-dance held in a local country club hired for the occasion, but sometimes the *raison d'être* of the rally is purely sporting, such as a golf competition, but here again the social side is not neglected, because such meetings are usually rounded off with a supper and a musical evening. It is on such occasions when caravanners get together and swop stories and experiences that mighty strange stories are sometimes heard.

A cold war is in existence between the Minister of Local Government and Planning and many caravanners concerning individual sites or pitches. The Minister seems to confuse caravan nomads with the shocking "shack colonies," some of which, said a speaker at a North Wales regional conference of the National Housing and Town Planning Council, "are built of tea chests and soap boxes." Rural District Councils everywhere are being pressed to provide sites for homeless people who wish to live in caravans. Amersham Rural Council, somewhat startled by the residential caravanners who have been driven out of nearby Middlesex and Herts and who now wish to settle around Amersham, is to consider how to set about arranging a caravan housing site. The Nomads of Britain have had a pretty severe test in this 1950–51 winter, but in their cosy caravans they sat sheltered from "rude Boreas," thumbing their way through the catalogues of new gadgets.

On the whole, I think, a Happy Breed, these Nomads of Britain.

I find I have left myself but little space to talk about the Water Nomads who make their homes in the converted "narrow boats"—and very snug they are—which are to be found along the canal in Herts and Bucks.

Fishing one afternoon last summer in one of the Rickmansworth lakes, a lady walking her dog asked me the usual question people ask anglers. I replied "not many," and she told me of a better spot to fish.

It was from the banks of the canal at a certain spot I will not divulge. There I found a small colony of water gypsies. They stay as long as they like, tied up to the bank. They ride push bikes to do their shopping in the nearest village and in the evening they go to a town to see a film. When they get tired of a spot—or their neighbours—they make arrangements with the owner of a barge who owns a horse and then, hey presto, but slower than that, they move on to the next location.

END

Sitting Pretty

(*Continued from page* 33)

such chairs should be.

Lastly, the rocking chair. In America, I believe, the rocking chair has come to epitomize all the nostalgia for the past that a highly mechanized society inevitably feels. But apart from its associations, its evocations, a rocking chair can exist in its own right as one of the most comfortable types of seat ever devised. Nor need a rocking chair be old-fashioned. Nowadays you can buy rocking chairs which are scientifically shaped to your body and which not only rock, but can be locked in any position you wish—upright or sloping backward—and ideally comfortable all the time, besides being attractive pieces of furniture.

And now I have left myself no room to write of pouffes, of garden chairs, of the elegant but not particularly comfortable chaise-longue, of the tub chair for your bedroom, of dining chairs, of all the other chairs that add—I hope—to the comfort of your home. There is, indeed, a whole psychology of sitting pretty as well as sitting comfortably and appropriately.

END

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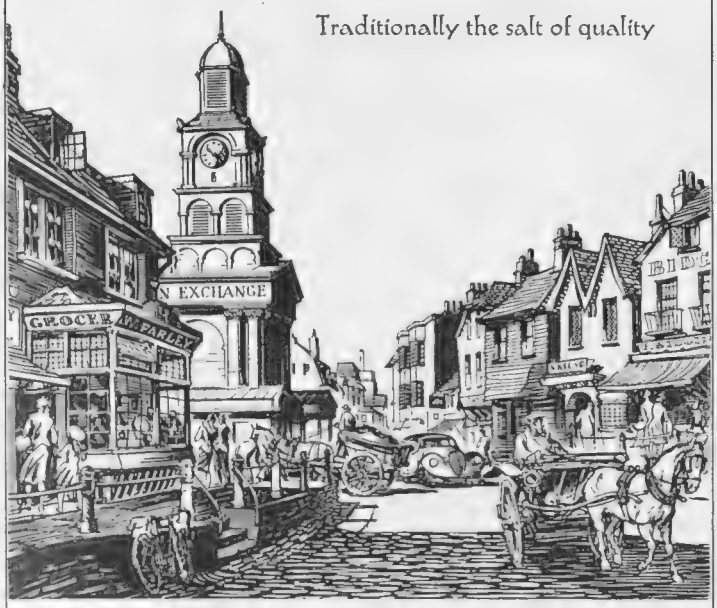

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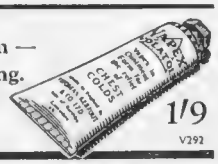

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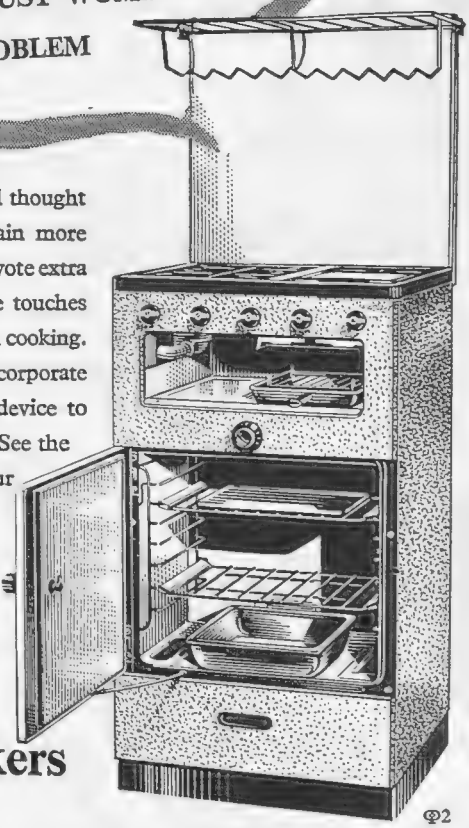

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Jewels In The Sun

(*Continued from page* 13)

Another question—why do cat-burglars favour domestic dinner parties for their time of entry? One would think the house was in a certain state of alertness, with guests around. Yet the answer is that private dinner parties develop a maximum of warmth and gaiety which may be counted on to drown any slight noise upstairs, and that the hostess never wears all her jewellery at once. Some of it is pretty sure to be upstairs in a bedroom or boudoir cache. If she is in the habit of keeping it at the bank, then the chances are she has taken it out for her party.

There is also the matter of jewellery belonging to guests at the party. When guests at Golfs Juan complained last summer of having lost jewels along with the mistress of the house, there must have been some who wondered how that could have come about. Yet the answer to that, too, is simple. Rich women at parties have a habit of trying on each others jewels either before dinner, or while powdering their noses later, and on such occasions it is not unheard of for them to leave valuable pieces on the dressing table. Apart from which, some women in any case love to litter their dressing table with costly little trinkets.

That is where inside information comes in handy. Up till now the gambit has been to get one of the maids to do the indicating for the nice young fellow she has taken to. But, with ever stricter references required, the "cat" man may have to fall back on young women who call on Madame in the course of their duties—girls from smart shops, beauty parlours, and the like. "Tarzan" Spada was traced through letters from girl admirers, sent to a Cannes post office, but he gallantly refused to admit that any of a dozen had given him assistance.

Dante Spada, otherwise "Tarzan," twenty-three year old Italian pastrycook, would have been at the big glitter, were he not up in Grasse Prison. Attendance at galas, in hotels and at receptions put him on to jewel robberies along the Riviera, estimated to have brought him in £47,000 in ten weeks. A tall, fair, handsome young man, smiling, well-mannered and diffident, "Tarzan" had all the outward appurtenances for the job. And far more besides. He may be said to have made "cat" history by being the first ever to camp out.

You might call him the forerunner of the hitch-hiking Arsène Lupin. His method in the balmy summer months was to circulate by motor-cycle, with camping kit, and pitch his tent near villas he planned to rob. Innocently, he could keep them under such wonderful observation. Night and day. But, before all that, there were other things to be done. Such as keeping acrobatically fit and noiseless. And getting the exact facts about each woman's jewels.

It seems "Tarzan" would do his best to dance with a prospect so as to examine her jewels from closest proximity. Even so, it was sometimes impossible to tell whether he was looking at real or faked gems. He had gone through a course with a shady jeweller at Marseilles, but sometimes could not be sure.

"Tarzan" says a good pointer to the real thing may be the lady's clothes scheme of the evening. If she is wearing shades that match deliciously her precious or semi-precious stones, then she's a prospect. It takes quite a lot of doing and the reckoning is that women who go to such pains are usually the kind who disdain to wear fake jewellery, however fetching and skilful the imitations.

Having picked out the women with the best jewels, "Tarzan" followed them discreetly home and drew a careful plan of their villas. Then, some days later, while they themselves were entertaining, he climbed up on to the roof and down into the upper storeys. A stern self-discipline was, however, a prerequisite.

"Every morning, when I got up, I did gymnastic exercises. To improve my sense of balance I climbed trees and rocks, sometimes by day and at other times at night. I also practised walking noiselessly in the dark. While on a job I never wore anything but a bathing slip. That leaves one entirely free—like an athlete on a trapeze. Also like an athlete, I kept to a special diet, and during all my visits to Riviera bars never drank anything but fruit juice and rarely, if ever, smoked. It was early to bed, too—well, most nights!"

"Tarzan" did nine jobs running and was almost halfway to his goal when arrested. He explains with disarming candour: "All I have ever wanted was to be comfortably off and lead the life of an honest gentleman. So I fixed my target at a fortune of £100,000. Invested in sound shares it would have been enough to keep me and my child and the girl I hope to marry."

"Tarzan" was going strong to the end. For his biggest coup, a £20,000 haul at the Villa le Roc, let by the Marquess of Cholmondeley, he entered by way of a telegraph pole beside the 15-feet garden wall.

Verily rich women are finding their jewellery an ever more worrying problem. If they put the most precious pieces in the bank, they cannot wear them on the spur of the moment, nor can they return them to safety until the next day—when it may be too late. A prominent Peeress who was robbed last year, tells of another aspect. Friends had begged her to wear her finest diamonds at a ball. She did so, and then found she couldn't put them in the hotel safe after the ball was over in the small hours. She was wearing heavy bracelets which she could not remove without assistance. So there was nothing to do but go to bed wearing them. Other jewellery she hid in various parts of the room.

The vision of that braceleted beauty in bed conjures up the imprisoning side of having too many and too valuable jewels in the sun.

Even when these are put away in strong-boxes, there's no knowing what may happen to them. Take the case of Mrs. Frank J. Gould, who owns the Hotel Provençal at Juan-les-Pins. Two years ago she asked her manager to put two magnificent emeralds in the strong-box of the hotel and thought no more about them. What, indeed, could be safer than the strong-box of her own hotel? One of the gems was a twenty-five carat square, the other, a thirty-three carat pear-shaped stone. Both were uncut.

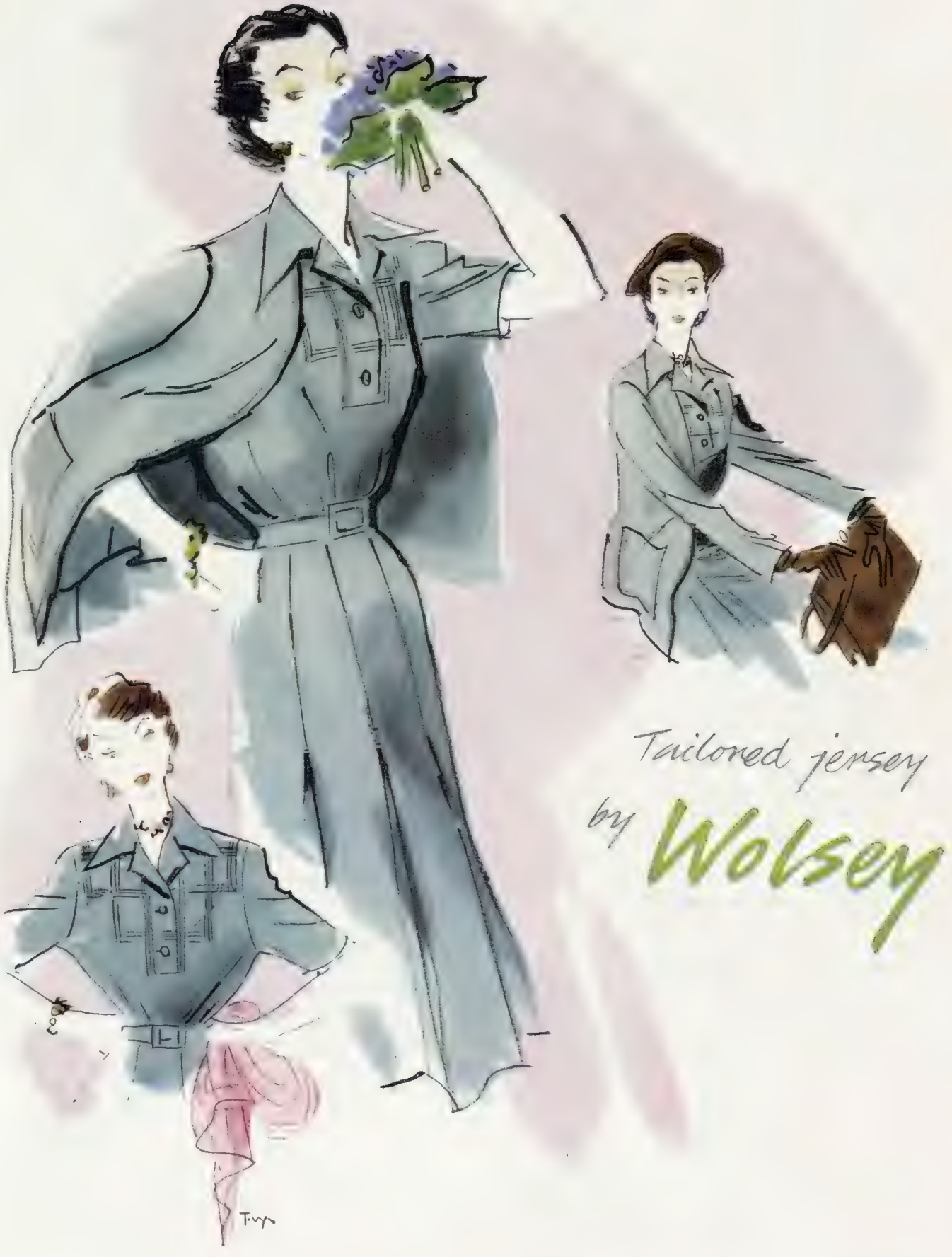
Last summer Mrs. Gould had certain suspicions, asked for the strong-box to be opened and found her emeralds had been replaced by fakes. The first stone was soon traced to a jeweller at Monte Carlo, whereupon arrests that had been made were discontinued—only for Mrs. Gould to insist that the recovered emerald was likewise a fake!

The second stone had a wider odyssey. It had been taken to Spain and offered to the Jalifa—deputy of the Sultan of Morocco in the Spanish Zone—for 300,000 pesetas, but the Jalifa did not buy. The stone was eventually sold to a Madrid jeweller, but it was too "hot" and he could not find a customer. So, after two years, he sent it back to France, where a Paris jeweller acquired it ostensibly for a prospective customer in Switzerland. But Mrs. Gould will never see her splendid pear-shaped emerald again, for it has been cut in two, and ten carats are missing.

Jewels in the sun! Most of the huge haul made from the Begum Aga Khan in a hold-up at Cannes was later found in the courtyard of the Marseilles Palais de Justice. Who put it in such a queer place? *Mystère!* But one thing is certain: the Aga Khan is never again going to assemble such treasure on the Riviera, else he might find himself having to borrow from an old Persian custom.

For all the jewels of the West, still the most valuable gems worn by women are the State pearls of Teheran, which are part of the backing of the Persian currency. As such they would never leave their strong-room but for the fact that pearls, in order to keep their condition, must from time to time be worn. So the pearls in the Teheran collection are now and then hung round the necks of the most lovely of Persian women who are not allowed to move out of the sight of police with arms ready for all contingencies.

END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Force Of Habit

(*Continued from page* 31)

hardly looked at it. He was rubbing his hands with a satisfied expression on his face.

"Well," he said to the room at large, "everything seems to be quite clear now. The mystery is solved and we've got the murderer."

"You've got the murderer?" gasped Mr. Potter. "Who is he?"

"*You!*" answered the Superintendent. While he intoned his official warning, Mr. Potter's thoughts were racing wildly. He went back feverishly over every detail of his plan—a plan which he had worked out with meticulous thoroughness to embrace a series of actual happenings. He had his alibi, too—his presence at the police station, and his return with the police constable. Everything fitted neatly. Nothing had been left to chance, and yet now the dread words were droning in his ears. What had gone wrong? Where had he slipped up?

The Superintendent told him.

IN his office on the following afternoon, the Superintendent initialled the report that he had made on the Potter affair and leaned back in his chair, puffing at his pipe with noisy contentment.

"A very interesting case," he told the Inspector to whom he handed the neatly typed report. "It would have flummoxed us, too, if the murderer hadn't tried to overplay his hand."

"How do you mean?" asked the Inspector.

"Well, the murder was extremely well thought out, and most cunningly engineered. Here you have a middle-aged man with a plain—and, I gather, nagging—wife. He's in a comfortable position and can afford to pay £500 for a car, but he's not happy. Why not? Oh, various reasons all of which add up to the fact that he hates the sight of his wife, and that a young, good-looking widow has come along whom he's keen on—you know the idea." The Inspector gave a worldly nod.

"Now where Potter was clever," continued the Superintendent, now well into his vocal stride, "was this—he assembled the jigsaw pieces of actual, rational happenings into a very neat pattern for murder. Everything he told us was true and could be checked—everything, that is, except that he had murdered his wife. The fact that all the pieces of the jigsaw were so peculiar on the surface—the £500 in cash, the tarpaulined roof and the mysterious phone calls—was all to the good. They added an air of illogicality to the set-up, and that's just the way things go."

The Superintendent, who was of a philosophical turn of mind, elaborated the theme. "There's nothing cut and dried about real life, you know," he went on. "Things just don't happen in an orderly sequence. They occur in higgledy-piggledy fashion, and it's the way that we assemble all the odds and ends of the strange business of existing that makes our lives."

"Quite so, sir," said the Inspector politely.

"Potter, who is no fool, realized that very important fact," continued the Superintendent. "He didn't try to devise a series of circumstances to cover up the murder of his wife; he just used the circumstances as they were to cover the murder for him.

"Yes, Potter had been waiting for some time to get exactly the right set of circumstances, and everything clicked when he learned that the car wasn't turning up and that he was stuck with £500, of which his wife had foolishly spoken on the telephone. Oh, yes, that was true all right; so were the mysterious phone calls that came later, although they were probably due to a fault on the line, if you ask me.

"Well, he put his plan into operation by killing his wife with a hammer, and then nipping up the ladder to unhitch the tarpaulin and leave the weapon on the roof. After that, he turned the place upside down to give the impression that burglars had broken in and had searched for the £500. Very important part that £500 played in his scheme of things; he had to get the money out of the house at the time when the burglars were supposed to be in there."

"I don't quite see that," interposed the Inspector.

The Superintendent patiently explained. "Assuming that there really had been burglars," he said, "they would certainly have found the £500 if it had been in the house. There was no safe or secret hiding-place, or anything like that. So, if Potter's story had been that the £500 was in the house when the burglars broke in, he would have had to salt the money away somewhere as if it had been stolen. Then, if ever he wanted to spend any of it, he would have been haunted by the fact that the police might know the numbers of the notes and would trace them back to him.

"So his problem was to get the money out of the house in a logical way without losing his grip on it, and what did he do, eh? What did he do?" The Superintendent chortled. "You can't help admiring the fellow, can you? He took the money to the police station. The police station, I ask you! Nothing like it, eh?" The two officials shook their heads in undisguised admiration.

"You see," went on the Superintendent, more seriously, "that visit to the police station was a touch of genius in more ways than one. There was the disposal of the money, but there was also the alibi."

"The alibi?"

"Yes. No doctor on earth can give the time of death to within a few minutes, and Potter wanted us to think that the murder had taken place while he was at the police station, instead of twenty minutes or so before. He aided and abetted such a deduction by deliberately murdering his wife in front of the fire so that the heat prevented her body from stiffening as quickly as it would have done in a normal temperature."

"He thought of everything."

"He certainly did. That business of asking for a constable to keep an eye on his house and to go back with him—that was all arranged, too. He chose his time carefully. He knew when the constable went on his beat, and he knew the direction of the beat that the constable passed his house soon after he left the station."

"What was the importance to him of going back with the constable?"

"Don't you see? He didn't want to find the body by himself; that's always suspicious. But when you walk into your house with a police officer and find a body already there—well, you're a long way towards being covered, aren't you?"

"Very true, sir. He was certainly clever."

"Too clever, as it turned out. Anyway, let's get back to how he confused the trail for us to follow. He was so darned cheeky, he actually telephoned his wife from the police station to give himself a perfect alibi, knowing full well that she was already dead."

"But the station sergeant said he distinctly heard a woman's voice in the receiver."

"Of course, he did; so did I. I heard the whole conversation—from his side, that is. He was speaking to a woman all right, but it was the young widow. Potter dialled *her* number, not his own, had a brief and non-committal conversation with her—right under our very noses, if you don't mind—and there you are. To all intents and purposes, that phone call proved that his wife was still alive, so how could he have murdered her?"

"If I may say so, sir," remarked the Inspector admiringly, "he planned the murder so carefully and with such attention to every detail, it's amazing that you solved it. What gave him away?"

"Oh, something simple," answered the Superintendent, grinning. "He got over confident and shattered his whole beautiful alibi by one little mistake. Force of habit did it."

"Force of habit?"

"Yes. He phoned his wife from the police station to add the finishing touch to his master plan. I heard him myself. He finished up by saying: 'Don't worry. . . . Good-bye, Mary, dear.' Well, there you are!"

"Why, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing—except that his wife's name was Agnes."

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The Gay Young Boswell

(*Continued from page* 28)

'Sir,' replied he, 'that, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help'."

Boswell tells the story more fully in his *Life of Johnson*, in which he confesses himself "stunned" by this initial snub. However, he then ventured a remark about David Garrick, and received another crushing rebuff. But no man ever had a thicker skin than Boswell, and Johnson hid a kindly heart under a ferocious exterior; and before long they developed a friendship that lasted until Johnson's death twenty-one years later.

Johnsonians will value the *Journal* for the fresh light that it throws on the doctor. Others will read it—and let us admit, nothing is more interesting to us humans than the disclosure of amorous experiences—for Boswell's record of his philanderings. Here he shows himself a man of prowess indeed. His account of his studied pursuit and triumphant conquest of Louisa, the pretty actress, of his sad disillusionment and discomfort when he contracted an indisposition he had not imagined was possible in the circumstances, and of his abrupt breaking-off of the association as a result, is as frank and entertaining as anything in Pepys.

Likely to be unedifying to the straight-laced are his descriptions of his casual amours in the bawdy-houses of the free-and-easy town that was eighteenth-century London. But one gets the impression that, by his candid setting-down of them in black and white, plus some comfortable moralizing and an occasional confession of remorse, he feels his peccadilloes to be conveniently purged almost as soon as committed.

A few days before leaving London he was accosted by a girl—an officer's daughter—in the street. "I could not," he said, "resist indulging myself with the enjoyment of her. Surely, in such a situation, when the woman is already abandoned, the crime must be alleviated, though in strict morality, illicit love is always wrong." Such was Boswell at twenty-two—and indeed for the rest of his life. You can condemn his weakness, you can deplore the ease with which he falls into temptation, but you cannot possibly dislike this susceptible, resilient, volatile, philosophically-minded young Scot.

It is about Boswell himself, consciously and unconsciously self-revealing, sometimes gay and sometimes afflicted with a black mood of melancholy, that we learn most in the *London Journal*; but we get an illuminating picture, too, of life in the Georgian capital. On a small allowance though he was, his prominent Scottish connections enabled him to mix in good society; and his friendly nature assured him of plenty of agreeable company. In coffee-houses, at the theatre, at grand receptions, alone or with boon companions in his comfortable lodgings, he led the pleasant existence of a carefree young bachelor; and Edinburgh must have seemed a small and constricted place to him when he returned there.

Boswell left a mass of papers at his death in 1795, but his executors declined to make them public on account of their frequently "unsuitable" character, and it was finally thought that they had been destroyed. Then with the chance discovery of some of his letters in Boulogne by an English major in 1840, interest in the missing documents began to revive. Ever since then scholars have been hoping that more would come to light; and in this century caches have been found in Ireland and Scotland, the *London Journal* itself being discovered by Professor Abbott at Fettercairn House, Kincardineshire, in 1930.

It is thought that all the missing papers have now turned up, and plans have been made to publish them by degrees. For which we can be grateful; for we can look forward to learning much more about that very human character, James Boswell.

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Soho's First Night Club Queen

(*Continued from page* 24)

members of the family of the Earls of Pomfret, Margaret Goldsmith suggests in her history of *Soho Square*, though Casanova got the name wrong—was suing her for £10,000 in a case which had already gone to the House of Lords. She had some of the prettiest waitresses in London—a detail he was careful to note—but they and the rest of the staff robbed her wholesale, and really she needed a steward to supervise her affairs—a hint that Casanova might prove useful, apart from her son, who would now be taught the business.

On his next visit daughter Sophie, fruit of that "delicious" last hour in Venice, was brought in. At ten she was pretty, clever at languages and music, and had her own governess and maid; but he noted with irony that, in order to regularize her birth in relation to her marriage, Thérèse pretended to everyone that the child was only eight.

The tutor business—and, for that matter, the steward hint—still rankled in his mind as he left. He, Casanova, the Chevalier de Seingalt, wearing the Cross of his Order, steward to Madame Cornelys? Oh no, it was laughable. He would conquer London in his own right, as he had Paris, Geneva, Milan, and other cities which had made him a legend.

True, Lord Egremont was ungracious enough to die shortly after he had presented the letter, and the bankers dilly-dallied over his great lottery scheme. All the same, he plunged into society, and into love affairs.

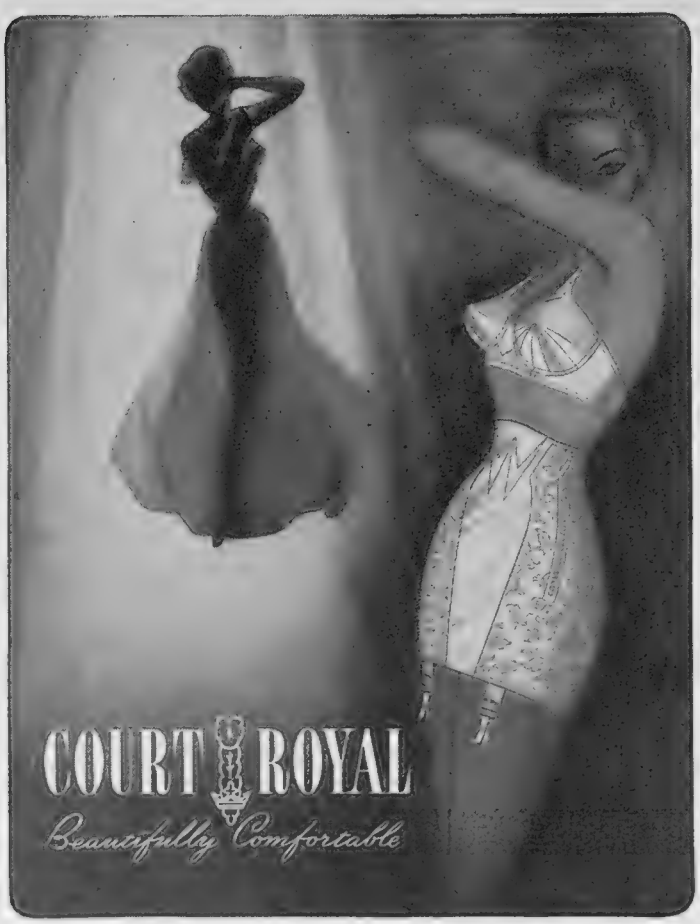
One with an audacious, exasperating coquette, La Charpillon, who lived with her mother, grandmother and two aunts in Denmark Street—a veritable cauldron of witches—culminated in a scene he would long remember. Foiled himself of her closest embraces, he found her in the arms of a barber! Enraged with jealousy, he set about the young interloper. La Charpillon screamed and ran ran off. The old witches burst in. Still raging, he smashed everything within reach—furniture, precious china, all the presents he had given her—until the noise brought along the night-watchman, who thought someone was being murdered.

So stricken was he by this betrayal—especially when he heard next day that the lady was ill of the shock, and dying—that he made his will, put pistols in his pocket, and lead to sink him, and made for the Thames. Only a chance meeting with a friend saved him from suicide, turning his mind to oysters and Graves instead. In the end he had to flee the country, after an eight-month sojourn, over a fraudulent bill.

And Thérèse? Her exclusive society received a nasty blow at a rout attended by the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland and sundry peers and their wives, for though the guests were strictly vetted they included a ribald colonel who "appeared as a Dead Corpse in a shroud" with decorated coffin inscribed:

Mortals, attend! This pale, unseemly spectre
Three months ago was plump and stout as Hector.
Cornelys', Almacks, and the Coterie,
Caus'd, in the bloom of life, the change you see.
Oh shun harmonic rout and midnight revel,
Or you and I shall soon be on a level.

Financially she was as often in the red as the black. She had rivals, jealous enemies. Early in 1771 she was fined £50 for holding vocal and dramatic performances without licence, and her concerts were banned. She was even summoned at Bow Street as an undesirable alien. (*Continued on page* 82)



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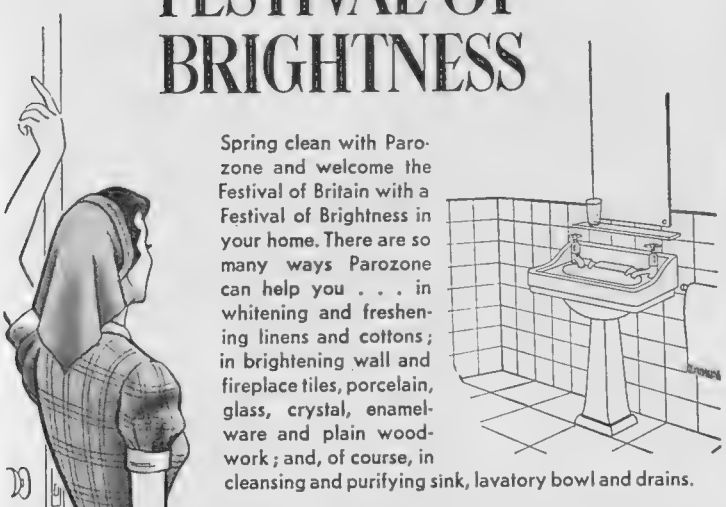

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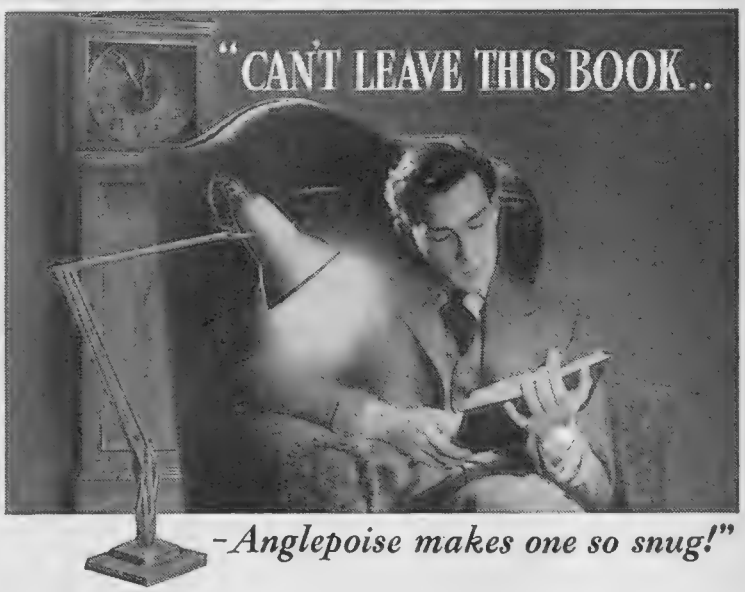

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charged that "she does keep and maintain a common disorderly house, and did permit and suffer divers loose, idle, and disorderly persons, as well men as women, to be, and remain during the whole night, rioting and otherwise misbehaving themselves."

BY 1772 she was bankrupt. Carlisle House and its sumptuous contents were up for auction. In the ensuing years she made pathetic comebacks, once as hostess of a cheap haunt near Sloane Square which specialized in Asses' Milk—then regarded as a panacea for all ills—and "female archery." At seventy-four she died a debtor in the squalid Fleet Prison. An actress friend, Becky Wells, recorded in her memoirs that she found Thérèse "sitting up in her bed with a large crucifix, exclaiming in a voice that denoted the most dreadful horror, 'the devil is dragging me down,' which she kept constantly repeating, and expired in the most shocking agonies."

The crucifix is symbolical of the end of Carlisle House as well as that of London's first night club queen, for part of it had become a Roman Catholic church in her lifetime, and a church occupies the site to-day.

END

Soho's First Night Club Queen

Books

(*Continued from page 32*)

There's plenty in the twenty-two celebrated authors who write on the "lively arts" in "**Diversion**" (Parrish, 18s. 6d.), and the leading artists who help to illustrate it. The writers include V. S. Pritchett, Nigel Balchin, Cecil Beaton, Stephen Potter, Terence Rattigan, Emlyn Williams, and others with new angles on the arts; the artists, Nicolas Bentley, Ronald Searle, Max Ernst. A bright, sophisticated symposium with a Picasso jacket, full of provocative ideas.

After which it is a relief to "go native" with Charles "Cannibal" Miller in wildest Dutch New Guinea where the ladies of the head-hunting Kirriris, for example, eat slain babies to ensure fertility, among other grim practices. Mr. Miller was the first white child, his mother the first white woman, in that delectable country, whose people and customs he describes graphically—even flippantly at times—in "**Cannibal Caravan**" (Museum Press, 15s.).

HOW much wholesomer a subject the evolution of ships, from the earliest fallen tree prehistoric man climbed on to, in a river, to search for wild honey or dodge some savage beast! William McDowell's "**The Shape of Ships**" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) traces the gradual development to date, with his own neat drawings and vivid colour-plates illustrating the whole, comprehensive story.

SHIPS and Hornblower are superseded by London suburbia and a young officer of the first World War in C. S. Forester's "**Randall and the River of Time**" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). On leave from Flanders, he meets a young married woman, marries her after her husband is killed, becomes an inventor, surprises his wife in bed with a famous cricketer who lost a leg in the war, kills him by pushing him through a window, is acquitted of manslaughter after a sensational trial faintly reminiscent of the "Stella Maris" one some years ago. The writing is expertly realistic, the characterization good, the drama somewhat drab and *News-of-the-Worldish*, though vividly staged.

Seductive sirens, palazzo parties, and perversions surround the handsome young U.S. hero of Eugene MacCown's "**The Siege of Innocence**" (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.) when he goes to Paris to study painting, then on to Venice to encounter the kind of decadent eccentrics we met in Norman Douglas's *South Wind*. He withstands them all, to fall at last for the artist-girl pal who tells him: "Stick to your own kind, Bruce, to the people you understand and who know what you're talking about and trying to do. Don't waste yourself on the others. They'll wear you to tatters and then throw you away like an old sock." Some U.S. critics have called this novel "wicked," "scandalous," "naughty," but that need not worry us, for Mr. MacCown writes for sophisticates with a fine cosmopolitan sang-froid which makes his tale highly diverting.

NO novel could be in greater spiritual contrast than Sholem Asch's "**Mary**" (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.), a story of the Virgin which, with *The Nazarene* and *The Apostle*, completes his impressive Scriptural trilogy. He uses his wide Rabbinical knowledge to present the drama and background with reverence and imaginative intensity.

WHAT better subject could an historical novelist wish for than Jane Shore, the mercer's daughter and goldsmith's wife who became mistress to Edward IV, shared the gay life of the court, was branded a harlot, had to do a Godiva penance through the city streets, and sank into beggary? Jean Plaidy's "**The Goldsmith's Wife**" (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is not only a first-class romance but a vivid evocation of fifteenth-century London.

ANOTHER outstanding "historical" is Margaret Trouncer's "**The Bride's Tale**" (MacDonald, 10s. 6d.) which recounts the love of a Crusader knight for the lovely Lady Easter de Montjoie in the thirteenth century France of Louise IX. Her picture of the age may be idealized, but she writes with great beauty of chivalric love, monastic life in a Benedictine priory, and church ceremonial at Christmas.

NOTABLE, too, for its clear, graceful writing—a virtue worth saluting in any novel—is John Erskine's "**Venus the Lonely Goddess**" (Wingate, 7s. 6d.) in which she descends on Troy towards the end of the ten years' siege to study these errant mortals at first-hand and see if earthly love is more than "a spasm of the liver resulting in a dislocation of the brain," as pa-in-law Jupiter suggests. Mr. Erskine makes his Olympian gods and goddesses very human; husband Vulcan might be just a whistling blacksmith who has taken to making wrought-iron gates for artistic villadom!

MODERN heroines have a habit of being frankly analytical about love and sex. Miriam, secretary to a ladies' club, is forthrightly so in Reginald Aldhouse's "**Love to Miriam Jollifant**" (Hale, 9s. 6d.). When she falls in love with a pianist, bears him a babe, and he returns to "do the right thing," she even flings in his face a statuette of "Mary of Walsingham nursing her repulsive child," and eventually marries instead an elderly millionaire on two sticks! Wilful, obstinate, is Miriam—which will doubtless commend her to women readers.

THRILLERS have come to something when a murdered body has to be stuffed into a red-nosed Santa Claus at a Christmas Eve party. It isn't the only murder in Elisabeth Lambert's "**The Sleeping House Party**" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), a tangle of love and forgery surrounding a dominating wife, wrought with a cool slickness which makes this an exceptional first novel.

"**Sinister Enchantment,**" by Christina Ferrars (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.); "**The Bright Bars,**" by Shirley Darbyshire (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); "**Star Hill,**" by Jane England (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); "**The Dark Reflection,**" by Frances Dale (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); "**Period Furniture for Everyman,**" by W. G. Menzies (Duckworth, 10s. 6d.); "**The Book of the Siamese Cat,**" by Rose Tenent (Rockliff, 18s.); "**Oddly Enough,**" by Paul Jennings (Reinhardt & Evans, 8s. 6d.); "**The Royal Family,**" by Dermot Morrah (Odhams, 8s. 6d.).

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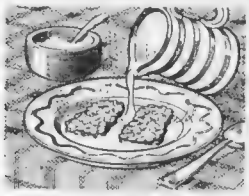

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County Perfumery Co. Ltd., Stanmore, Middx. *royds* 28/23

Herringbone Effect (*Continued from page* 36)

To shape the shoulders: Cast off 12 on next 3 alternate rows at side edge.

Join wool to centre-edge of remaining 50 sts. and work up this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

To complete: Pin out on the wrong side and press the ptn. parts lightly with a hot iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams and press; join the welt seams and press. Graft, or sew, the cast-on edge of armhole bands to the 22 sts. at either side of front; sew bands along remainder of side seams, stretching slightly; if the edging is too long unravel free end as required, then graft or sew to the 22 sts. at either side of back. Stitch the cast-on edge of neckband neatly to centre-front where 7 sts. were cast off; sew neckband neatly round neck edge, stretching it slightly and unravelling any surplus; catch down the other end of neckband at the back of the cast-on edge. Press all joins again.

Note: If using hand-ribbing, make welts as indicated with No. 14 needles, but leave narrow ribbed bands until remainder of garment is completed, then pick up each set of 22, in turn, on No. 14 needles, and rib, until the stretched strip reaches to *shoulder* seam; cast off and sew neatly in place, joining cast-off edges at shoulder level. For neckband, pick up 22 sts. from the cast-off 7 at centre-front, ribbing twice or 3 times into these sts. to produce the required total, then rib until the stretched strip is long enough to go right round neck; cast off, and sew the cast-off edge neatly behind where sts. were picked up.

A Fancy Cable (*Continued from page* 36)

sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 7 moss sts., p. 1, 6 cable sts., p. 1, 4 moss sts., 1 edge st. Increasing 1 st. both sides every 6th row, 23 times (106 sts.); knitting extra sts. in moss st. At 16½ ins. from the start, shape top of sleeve. Cast off 2 sts. both sides of next 3 rows. Cast off 1 st. at beg. of each row until 64 sts. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of each row 18 times. Cast off remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP

Join side seams, right shoulder, 1 in. of left shoulder at sleeve edge. Insert sleeves. Pick up sts. round neck and rib 8 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off. Insert zip for shoulder fastening.

The Singing Rain (*Continued from page* 12

the dentist's right hand, which suddenly held a small black pistol. Held it with such an accustomed air of competence that it might have grown there. His heart sank. Now he had got himself mixed up in something. Although the gun, pointed firmly at his stomach, was sufficient evidence of the danger of his position, he felt only baffled irritation. Henry thought he had finally outgrown fear at Anzio, that never again would he be really frightened, but he was capable of a sick apprehension at the thought of being plunged into something which threatened discomfort, delay and embarrassment before it was sorted out. For the moment, there was nothing to do but obey, although he had no dawning doubts of his ability to get himself out of this ridiculous situation. In Henry's world, this sort of thing just didn't happen in peacetime. He put up his hands and walked out of the room, grinding his teeth.

They tramped up the stairs in solemn silence until they came to a landing. Henry half hesitated, and da Silva spoke behind him.

"Up the next flight, please."

The second floor was the top of the house, and Henry was told to stop on the landing.

"And please do not turn round." da Silva tapped on a door and called out softly.

"Mr. Hsieh, open please."

The door opened and a thick voice spoke.

"What is it? Who is this?"

"Has your guest still got her pearl necklace, Mr. Hsieh? I suspect not. It seems that she has been throwing the pearls at passers-by, including this gentleman. As he also heard the recent disturbance, and talked loosely of going to the police, I had little choice but to detain him."

"I see. Very well, bring him in."

Henry was turned round and urged into a room. Facing him was a very fat Chinese, wearing an immaculate white suit. He was inspected unemotionally, and then addressed in the same thick voice.

"I am indeed sorry that your racial curiosity has drawn you into this position. However, as my affairs are of a confidential nature, it will, I fear, be necessary to detain you. Pray make yourself as comfortable as possible."

"Don't be a damned fool. Let me leave immediately."

The Chinese wagged his head sorrowfully. "Please do not waste energy by violent and pointless speeches. You are only beating the air. My business is of sufficient importance to me to disregard any normal conventions, and nothing you say will have the smallest effect. Now you must forgive me if I leave you with your fellow guest." He walked quickly out, followed by da Silva, and the door was locked. Henry observed gloomily that it was a very solid door, and opened inwards. He put a hand against it and shook it experimentally.

"Not a hope, chum. I spent the first two hours kicking that thing, and just hurt my foot."

The slow Australian voice startled Henry, who had forgotten the reference to the fellow guest in the heat of the moment. Of course, this was the woman who had screamed so heartily when he was in the dentist's chair.

She was about twenty seven, stocky rather than graceful, very plainly dressed. Her face was attractive in a pugnacious sort of way, and she had red hair. As she and Henry stood looking at one another, they might have been brother and sister.

"Just what is all this?" Henry was as irritated with her as he was with his captors.

The girl tightened her mouth. "So you were the only thing my pearls hit? Oh, well, I've dragged you into this mess and I'm sorry. Though why the heck you didn't just go to the police is beyond me."

"Well, never mind that now. Who are you, and why are you being kept here?"

"I'm Margaret Justin. I flew in here for a holiday from Australia. I got into what I thought was a taxi, and it brought me here. Now I'm being kept while they get some filthy drug to make me talk."

"Talk? What about, for heaven's sake?"

She sighed. "Oh, about things they want to know. I'm a mathematician and physicist, and I work on the rocket range in Australia. I'm Professor Justin, as a matter of fact. Anyway, I suppose I know quite a lot of things the boys on the other side of the wall would give a good deal to find out. And friend Hsieh certainly isn't on our side."

Henry concealed his illogical amusement at the fact that this rather attractive female was a professor.

"I see. By the way, my name's Tregilgas, Henry Tregilgas, and I still don't understand about this pearl business," he said.

She pointed to the room's only window. It was barred and meshed, but there was a six-inch open gap at the top to admit the air without which, in that climate, the room would have been intolerable. "I had a pearl necklace on, and it didn't occur to anyone to take it away from me. Being a woman, I can't throw worth a damn, so I managed to tear a piece of springy veneer off a chair, and I flicked the pearls out one by one, like kids flick blotting-paper pellets with a ruler."

Henry nodded approvingly. "Not bad. It fetched me in, although I don't seem to be much help. I don't see the chair you were speaking about."

"They found out I'd been trying to break up the furniture, so they took it all away. I managed to keep the piece of veneer, though."

"Where?" asked Henry idly, thinking of something else. The professor looked embarrassed. "Concealed about my person," she said shortly.

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course, sorry." Frowning, Henry wandered round the room, examining window, walls and door.

"Not a hope," said the professor, "and I'm all out of pearls. No good shouting, either. When I'd finished trying to kick the door down I shouted until I lost my voice. No soap. They thought I'd still lost my shout just now, and opened the door while you were in the house. Pity I didn't keep quiet; you might have got away."

"Well, never mind—they'll have to let us go sometime."

Professor Justin looked at the floor. "I doubt if that's on the programme," she said slowly. "I think we ought to take any chance to get away, never mind how slim."

"I see what you mean." Henry looked at her and thought, dammit, the girl's got guts. She thinks they're going to drop us in the river or something. And so do I. He gave up wandering around, and they sat on the floor together trying to think of something. Darkness fell with oriental rapidity. In the small room, the light socket hung empty, so they sat on in the dark. Henry tried to think of something ingenious with the electricity. They might connect the light socket to the door knob and electrocute anybody coming in. The professor threw cold water on that one with a little technical knowledge which Henry lacked. In an hour or so they heard footsteps outside, and the door was opened. Da Silva stood in the light from the landing, Hsieh beside him. Henry saw that the gun was again in evidence, this time with the addition of a silencer. Henry might be a little weak on electricity, but he knew about guns.

"Please come with us." The Chinese spoke very politely.

"Where are you taking me?"

Hsieh paused a second before he spoke again.

"I fear the black camel is at your gate. Have courage, you will feel nothing. We shall render you unconscious, and then there will be a car accident. It will be a fatal one, I am afraid."

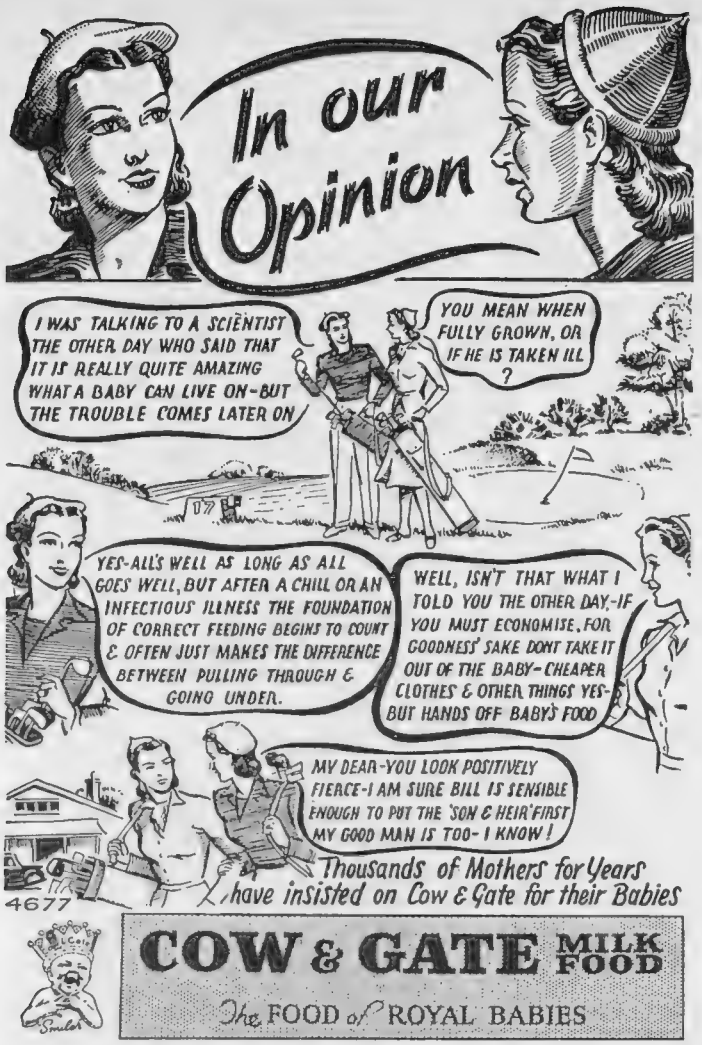
In that moment, Henry realized that his belief that he would never be afraid again had been quite unfounded. He thought of Edith and Barbara, and his mouth went dry. Unconsciously, he clenched his fists. Da Silva, who had been watching him carefully, stepped forward, gun extended.

"Don't try anything stupid."

The fool, thought Henry, he's come too close. I can reach his hand and knock it away before he can pull the trigger.

He flung a quick glance over his shoulder at the professor, all the warning he dared give her. Then he smashed at da Silva's wrist with the edge of his hand.

Desperation made it work. The gun went slithering across the floor into the corner of the room. Da Silva knew he had no chance of mixing things with Henry's solidity in a confined space, and went for the gun. Henry let him go, and dived head down at Hsieh. The top of his hard, red-thatched skull took the Chinese in the midriff and sent him to the floor with a crash. (*Continued on page* 86)


In our Opinion
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YOU MEAN WHEN FULLY GROWN, OR IF HE IS TAKEN ILL ?
YES-ALL'S WELL AS LONG AS ALL GOES WELL, BUT AFTER A CHILL OR AN INFECTIOUS ILLNESS THE FOUNDATION OF CORRECT FEEDING BEGINS TO COUNT & OFTEN JUST MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PULLING THROUGH & GOING UNDER.
WELL, ISN'T THAT WHAT I TOLD YOU THE OTHER DAY-IF YOU MUST ECONOMISE, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DONT TAKE IT OUT OF THE BABY-CHEAPER CLOTHES & OTHER THINGS YES-BUT HANDS OFF BABY'S FOOD
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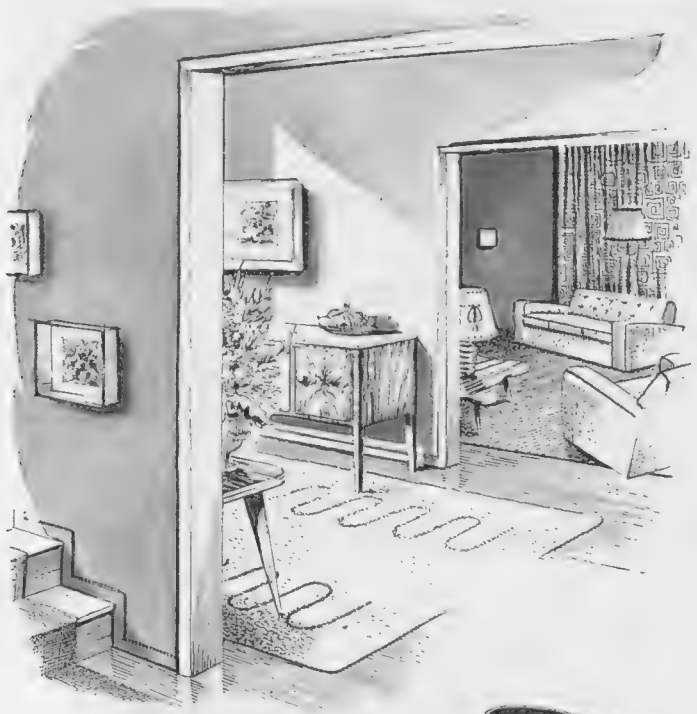

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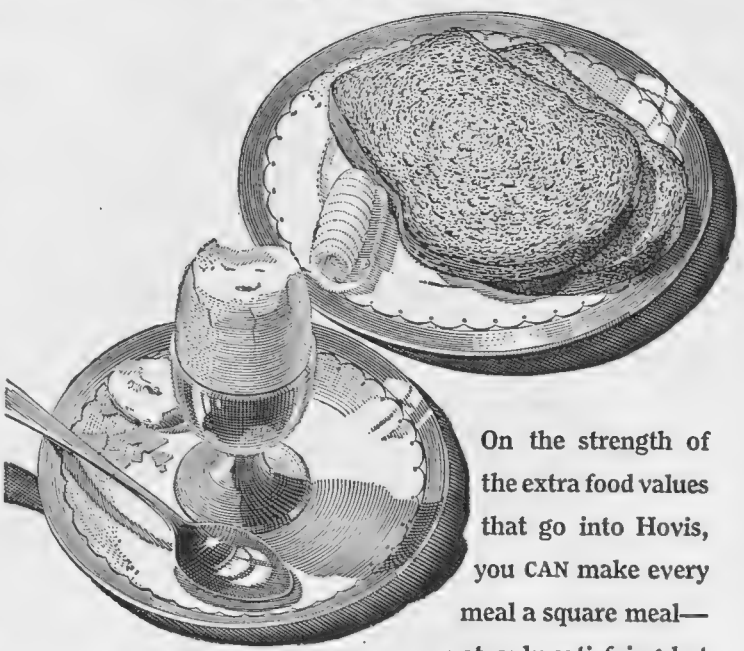

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With the way clear, Henry flung himself down the stairs, the professor right behind him.

They managed the first double flight before da Silva retrieved the gun and reached the head of the stairs. There was a dull slap and plaster leaped from the wall in front of Henry. By this time, they were on the last flight, and da Silva abandoned snap-shooting, charging down the stairs after them.

As they reached the hall, a servant rushed to intercept. Henry handed him off violently, and the man fell back, his head hitting a Chinese temple gong with a dismal boom. The latch of the front door wasted a precious second, and then they were through, skidding on the polished step. They had lost time, though, and da Silva came through the front door as they vanished round the gate into the street.

Their feet pounded on the pavement. In all the quiet road there was not a soul in sight. They had no breath to shout with, even if it would have done any good. The air was full of an awful oppressiveness; even the palm trees' gentle fingers were still against the night sky. All they wanted to do was run, but they were not far enough ahead. Behind them came that dull slap again, and Henry felt the air disturbance of a bullet which missed his head by very little. It was no good—he slowed down and turned to see da Silva taking careful aim. He decided to go back at him n the hope that the professor might get away. And in that instant, the blessed rain came.

When the monsoon breaks with a sudden rain storm, as it does sometimes, the whole world dissolves in a flash to a wilderness of water. The curtain of steel rods which is the monsoon rain falls with cataclysmic abruptness. Night visibility is reduced to about a yard. As Henry's muscles twisted themselves into a cringing knot to resist the expected bullet, the rain fell round them, isolating them in their little patch of space. Da Silva was wiped out as if he had never existed. The noise of the rain was lovely in Henry's ears as he seized the professor's hand and shot off at an angle. Nobody could find them in this. We're away, he thought exultantly, we're away. They ran on, feet slapping in the quickly-flooded roadway, and the rain sang its gentle song all round them.

TWO hours later, they sat holding tumblers rattling against their teeth, drinking the police inspector's whisky. As they gasped out their story, a great pool spread on the office floor from their soaked and disintegrating clothing. They were taken away and dried and given clothes that didn't fit them. After that they waited a long time until the policeman came back with Somebody Very Important. He was serious.

"It's all fixed now," he said "I think you'll be safe but I'm having you both guarded until you leave the island. Now, I want your solemn undertaking that you won't breathe a word of this to anyone ever. We're taking a quiet line of action, and I want it to stay that way." They did what he wanted, and then he let them go, Henry back to his hotel and the professor to a safe billet in the town. Henry only saw the professor once more, when he said good-bye to her at the airport, by invitation. She squeezed his hand and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"You're all right for a Pommie," she said.

Edith and Barbara met the plane and drove back to London with him. Edith tucked a hand in his arm.

"Miss us darling?" she asked.

"Of course I did."

"And it wasn't such a terrifying experience after all, was it?"

Henry looked at her and smiled affectionately.

"No, of course not," he said. "Nothing to it. As dull as a trip to Brighton."

Edith looked pleased with herself. She was glad she had made Henry see how right she had been. END

It's An Old Wives' Tale

(*Continued from page* 56)

to the placenta, where it receives in exchange oxygen and the substances necessary for its growth which it derives from the mother's vessels.

The fertilized ovum contains every fundamental characteristic pertaining to the unborn child and if during nine months the uterine environment is completely favourable these characteristics will be developed to their fullest extent. But infant well-being can be adversely affected in one or two ways. If the parents' general health is below par the egg cells may be weakened before they unite to form the ovum so that the child's basic characteristics are stunted throughout the period of growth. Fortunately medicine has made much headway and many children who would in the past have been unhealthy owing to the ailments of their parents can be saved by treating the mother during her expectant period. Not so very long ago those who suffered from diabetes, tuberculosis and other serious diseases risked bearing sickly children, but skilled attention during foetal growth saves these babies.

A healthy, fertilized egg which begins life in the most favourable circumstances can be seriously damaged if the mother's general condition deteriorates. That is why it is vitally important for every woman to keep herself fit while she is carrying her child, for failure to eat what she should means that her child will not obtain the substances necessary for satisfactory growth. When the mother's health is undermined there is more likelihood of her catching influenza or any other infections illnesses, in which case the poisons circulating in her blood-vessels pass through the placental barrier and interfere with the infant's growth.

THE laws of genetics are founded on elementary principles and the basic units of heredity are microscopic particles present in the parent sperm cells and are called genes—from which the word genetics is derived. The character of the genes pass unchanged through the generation but there are certain inborn traits on which no amount of ill-health has the slightest effect. Amongst these are eye colour, blood group and fingerprints which always remain unalterable. Unless there is a family history of temperamental abnormality the environment in which the mother lives during pregnancy can have no possible effect on her infant because there is no interchange of thought at the placenta site, and the exchanges which occur between the mother's and child's blood-vessels are physical ones only. The body and mind cannot be altered by any desire, cravings, worries, anxieties or frights of its mother for if this were the case, no new-born infant would bear any resemblance to a human baby.

END

Beauty With A Cold

(*Continued from page* 49)

rouge well up under the eyes to prevent the pale "owl" look which appears when you are tired. Underplay, rather than overplay, the rouge which can so easily develop a staring look against a pallor.

A creamy face powder, a shade or so lighter than the foundation tone will give the skin a delicate, translucent look. Press the powder on to the skin with clean cotton-wool, and wait until you have finalized your make-up before dusting off the surplus.

The final touches should banish the last traces of the cold. The lightest smear of skin cream on the lips will keep them soft. Dust over with powder, and then apply the lipstick which should be a warm, rich shade, with no blue in it. A touch of eye shadow on the upper lids will counteract any redness or puffiness from the cold. Mascara the upper lashes, but not the lower ones which tends to make the eyes look hollow and dark. A famous French cosmetician has recently produced a new tear-proof, long-lasting mascara which can be confidently used, even if your eyes still have a slight tendency to water.

A hair friction will help to give the hair a new lustre, at least temporarily, until a visit to the hairdresser can be arranged, and will leave the hair pleasantly perfumed and easy to re-set. A scented friction, which you can give yourself at home, gives a soothing quality of well-being, and will help enormously in restoring the morale. END

Just Look It Up

(*Continued from page* 44)

Kathleen Lines (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.). With this to guide you, you will be confident of choosing the best books for your children at the right time.

If you have a special interest in making clothes as well as wearing, put *Vogue's Book of Smart Dressmaking* (2s. 6d.) on your reference shelf and add the *A.B C. of Millinery* by Madame Eva Ritcher (Skeffington, 8s. 6d.) which has had a recent success because of its very practical, easy-to-follow method of instruction.

If you have the time and interest for fancy cookery, *Tante Marie's French Kitchen* (Nicholas Kaye, 12s. 6d.), is a sure winner. It tells you how to put the Continental subtleties into everyday dishes.

For the woman at the other end of the time-table with never more than ten minutes to do everything in the culinary line, Philip Harben, television's King of Cooks, has written *Cooking Quickly* (John Lane, 6s.).

Very new housewives, on not much more than nodding terms as yet with the cooker, can learn, as it were, on *Cookery for Beginners*, by Edith Weale (Harrap, 8s. 6d.), working up gradually to the cooking books which at present seem a bit too formidable.

If, like me, you have a passion for salads, you will enjoy having *282 Ways of Making a Salad* on your shelf, compiled by Bebe Daniels and Jill Allgood (Cassell, 7s. 6d.); it gives the favourite salads of many well-known stage and screen stars and personalities, but if the names don't impress you, there really *are* some tasty dishes.

Kitchen gardeners and hen-keepers should be armed with *Practical Gardening and Food Production* (Odhams Press, 8s. 6d.), and if the man of the house enjoys making things have *Toys You Can Make Yourself* (Odhams Press, 7s. 6d.).

And here I stop—before I am tempted to borrow from the sitting-room bookcase by adding a couple of encyclopædias and my favourite "funny" book.

END

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Sequacious Of The Lyre (*Continued from page* 19)

shot. The huge man flinched, grunted in surprise, then appeared to crumple up. He made no attempt to retaliate. The massive shoulders sagged and the long, simian arms dangled helplessly. Then the tiny head started to oscillate and once more Babington Lovelace witnessed the terrible mime of the beaten dog. He watched it to the bitter end, then he said softly :

"Good night, Johnny."

Without another word the half-wit went slouching out of the room. The old relationship was re-established as firmly as ever. It never faltered again.

THE master, however, had been shaken. The experience had etched itself deeply into his mind and the last thing he desired was a repetition of it. The solution was, on the surface, simple. Since Johnny had that strange passionate urge towards music the obvious thing was to place the means of gratifying it within his own crazy hands. Babington Lovelace tackled the practical difficulties of the solution with an infinite patience that had in it almost an element of conscience. First of all he bought a pile of extremely weary gramophone records from a junkshop. With these he started to teach the idiot to manipulate the radiogram. It was a heartbreaking task, rather like teaching an ape to thread a needle. Johnny's fingers seemed to be individual members incapable of mutual aid and his brain had difficulty in following the simplest sequence of cause and effect. There were times when the whole project appeared impossible but Babington Lovelace stuck grimly to his task and in the end he was successful. Practically all of the junkshop records perished in the process, martyrs in the cause of education, but eventually Johnny learned the mechanical pattern of events. From then on he was allowed to play the radiogram for two hours every day. When his tasks were done he would shuffle eagerly into the drawing-room, take out the gramophone records from their tin case and handle them, for a few moments, lovingly. For the next two hours he would put them on, swaying as he listened, almost cataleptic with pleasure. Then, when his master indicated that enough was as good as a feast, Johnny would withdraw docilely. There was always to-morrow. And so the days went past, the only happy days that the idiot had probably ever known. Life stretched ahead of him, endlessly musical, endlessly delightful. Then one night everything came to a dreadful end.

I remember that night better than I would really care to. I awoke to a freezing cold midnight filled with noisy excitement. The room was bright with the lurid glow from the sky and there was a strong smell of burning. A fire, I thought, and began to dress hastily. In no time I was out in the street and hurrying along with the crowd.

"Where is it?" I asked the first man I met.

"Ah don't know," was the reply. "They say it's the hoose where Johnny Peenheid works."

He rushed on, leaving me with a dreadful feeling of premonition. Johnny, I knew, would be all right. He always disappeared somewhere at night and did not return till next morning. But Babington Lovelace. . . . I refused to think of the possibilities. I shut them resolutely out of mind and began to run. It seemed as though the whole world was running with me. We all went clattering along the lane where the boys had beaten Johnny. It was as bright as a red dawn and the very air seemed stippled with sparks. Everywhere there was a subdued buzz.

I REACHED the house and then wished that I had stayed at home. The fire had started downstairs and that part of the house was an inferno. We watched with a kind of futile, dumb horror. There was nothing anyone could do. There was no water within practical distance and the nearest fire brigade was a dozen miles away. No doubt it was on its way but. . . . I shut my mind again.

Then a horrible thing happened.

There was a crash of breaking glass and a tiny figure appeared, silhouetted against an upstairs window. It was Babington Lovelace, incredibly, impossibly, still alive. There was a murmur from the crowd then his scream came ripping through the night.

"Johnny."

As though in answer to his scream the crowd gave way, as earth yields before a ploughshare and Johnny Peenheid stood out in front. He paused for a moment to glare round the crowd with a look that could only be described as contemptuous. Then his head went down and he was off, shambling swiftly across the lawn towards the burning house. Somebody raised a ragged and rather shamefaced cheer. Then the half-wit reached the door, stood for a second, a huge, shapeless blotch against the vibrant red and yellow flames and then he was gone—right into the searing heart of the blaze.

Long, cruel minutes went past. Beside me I could hear a woman praying. She kept saying the same words over and over again :

"O Lord, let them live. O Lord, let them live."

But they didn't live. It seemed an immensity of time from the moment Johnny Peenheid entered the building until the house collapsed inwards with a vindictive roar and a triumphant flourish of sparks. Actually it was less than ten minutes. And it was another quarter of an hour before the fire brigade arrived.

THAT is the story of Babington Lovelace and Johnny Peenheid. You will hear it in the village in a dozen garbled versions, in each of which Johnny is more heroic than the last. But what I have just told you is the complete story which very few people know. Just as very few people know that, when Johnny's body was found it was nowhere near Babington Lovelace. It was lying in the hallway and underneath it, miraculously intact, was a pile of gramophone records.

END

Early Birds (*Continued from page* 35)

coach. Luxury coaches operating in conjunction with the French railways, are comfortable, reliable and cheap. Compare these prices : The second-class return fare by rail from London to Nice is £22 15s. 2d., although the young and hardy can go third-class for 15 gns. By going to Paris by train for £6 14s. 6d. return third-class (which is possible without too much discomfort) and taking the two-day coach trip south from Paris, the overall return fares to Nice are reduced to £11 18s. 6d.

THERE are two or three alternative coach routes from Paris to the South, one of them takes a deliberate detour into the French Alps, making the journey a sightseeing tour in its own right.

Don't overlook the possibilities of a spring cruise, which for an all-in figure offers one of the best holidays for the money. An eight-day cruise through Holland and the bulb fields, or an eight-day trip up the Seine to Paris in spring is only 32 gns. A fourteen-day cruise of the Rhineland is 52 gns. These costs represent travel and accommodation, of course, as you live on board.

Making up a party to share the hire of a motor cruiser is another way of exploring the little known rivers and backwaters of Europe. Arrangements for the hire of a motor vessel to accommodate seven or eight people can be made in England. By living on board, and doing your own housekeeping, you save the higher cost of hotel and restaurant food.

END

What To Do With Corned Beef (*Continued from page* 50)

chutney; 1 onion sliced small; dessertspoonful desiccated coconut; 4 oz. diced cooked vegetables; seasoning; good teaspoonful curry powder.

Fry onion till golden; add apple peeled and diced, vegetables, sultanas, meat (diced), coconut, chutney and a little stock to moisten; season and simmer a few minutes; sprinkle in curry powder, mix well, thickening with a sprinkling of flour. Strain rice well, mix in with mixture. Cool; shape into small cakes. Dip into frying batter with a spoon. Fry in hot fat till golden. Serve with green peas or creamed spinach.

CORNED BEEF AND EGG SCALLOPS

Well grease 4 or 5 scallop shells. Line bottoms with a few cooked mushrooms; cover with minced corned beef moistened with tomato soup. Cover with rounds of sliced skinned tomatoes; heat through in moderate oven. Scramble 2 eggs with 1 oz. margarine and a tablespoonful of milk and season. Pile scramble in centre of scallops. Border with a few tiny sprigs of parsley.

END

The Versatile Orange (*Continued from page* 51)

STUFFING (for duck or goose)

Peel and chop finely 2 small onions and fry till golden in a little margarine. Add 4 oz. sausage meat and cook together a few minutes. Put in bowl and add 2 cooking apples peeled, cored and chopped small, about 12 walnuts shelled, boiled till softened and chopped small, grated rind of 1 large orange, 4 oz. crumbs soaked in juice of orange and a little milk; season with salt, pepper and pinch mixed herbs. Mix well together, using an egg if available, otherwise a little milk.

ORANGE WINE (considered a good tonic).

Ingredients: 8 Seville oranges; 2¼ lb. loaf sugar; 3 quarts boiling water; ¾ oz. yeast.

Thinly peel oranges and cut in slices. Put in a bowl and cover with water. Leave 48 hours in warm place. Use some of liquid to dissolve sugar in a pan and strain the rest into it. Return to bowl. Cream yeast with a little warm water, spread it on toast and lay on the liquid. Leave 24 hours to ferment. Strain into stone bottle. Cork loosely. Leave in cool place for 2 weeks. Cork tightly. Leave 3 months, put in bottles and keep at least 3 months before using.

END

1.3.51

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